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## THE REFORM BILL.

WE are at last in possession of the matured thoughts and the definite propositions of the Government on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. After vacillating between different schemes for six weeks, they have at last committed themselves to the production of a Bill. But although they have placed a measure upon the table of the House of Commons, no one yet knows how far they mean to stand by its provisions, or to what extent they will yield to pressure from the Opposition. Mr. Disraeli may be technically right when he says that the debate on the second reading is the proper time to declare what he considers the vital points of his complicated plan, but after all that has taken place we cannot wonder that the Opposition should be somewhat impatient on the subject, or that Conservative members should withhold any decisive expression of their opinion. The Ministry have done their best to destroy the confidence of their supporters and the respect of their opponents, and they cannot complain if every one regards their Bill with suspicion and distrust. Although we have it before us in black and white, we do not know what shape it may assume before the House of Commons is finally called upon to decide its fate; and in commenting upon it we feel ourselves dealing with something which may assume a very different form before these remarks can appear in print. Only one thing is clear. The Bill cannot pass in its present shape. The dual vote which Mr. Disraeli propounded, in a feeble and hesitating manner that betrayed his own sense of its absurdity and mischievousness, has been so unequivocally condemned by men of all parties that it may be considered as already dead and done for. When Mr. Gladstone regards a provision with "implacable hostility," while Mr. Henley sees that it is fraught with "unmitigated mischief," Mr. Lowe "cannot express the repugnance with which he views it," and Lord Cranborne pronounces it utterly "unpalatable" to the House, it would be a sheer waste of time to discuss it. We can only express our astonishment at the fatuity of a Government who could court defeat by making a proposition which has only to be laid before an assembly of Englishmen in order to be flouted as futile or condemned as dangerous. Unless Lord Derby and his colleagues are prepared to abandon this cardinal point of their measure, it would be utterly useless to proceed with it any further; and we may therefore safely assume that the obnoxious clause will be quietly dropped now that it has served its purpose of covering the sudden conversion of Conservative statesmen to a belief in the merits of household suffrage. This does not, however, reconcile us to a Bill which may be founded, as Mr. Disraeli assures us, on the sacred principle of rating, but which certainly violates every sound maxim of political expediency.

The most important, and at the same time the most objectionable, provisions in the Bill, are those relating to the borough franchise. They are constructed with the obvious design of keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope; and a more dangerous or fatal line of policy it would be impossible to pursue. They are meant to delude the people with the idea that they are about to receive household suffrage, while this is virtually taken away from them by the clauses relating to compound householders, and the personal payment of rates. It may, or may not, be necessary to give so large a measure of enfranchisement as household suffrage, but if it is

given, it should, as Lord Cranborne well said, be given freely and openly. Mr. Gladstone intimated his own preference for a plan which would make the limit of our franchise downwards cease at the same point with personal liability to rates; and until the word household suffrage had been pronounced by a Tory Government, such a proposition would probably have met the demands and satisfied the wishes of the working classes. We doubt, however, whether the time is not now past for any compromise of the kind. But whether that be so or not it is clear that nobody will be satisfied, and nothing will be set at rest, by proposing to admit men on the ground that they occupy houses which are rated to the poor without any reference to value, and then telling them that they shall be excluded if they do not pay these rates in a particular manner. Even if there were a uniform Small Tenements Act in operation throughout the whole kingdom, a restriction disfranchising men merely on the ground that they contribute to the local burdens in a rather more circuitous way than other people, would soon become so unpopular as to be untenable. The compound householder would feel that he was deprived of the benefit of the great "principle of rating" by something like a legislative subterfuge; and he would never cease to agitate until the man who paid rates along with rent was admitted to the same privilege as the man who makes such payments separately. But the prospect of such an agitation, and the certainty of its eventual success, is very much increased by the fact that there is no such uniform Small Tenements Act in general operation; that it depends upon the will of a parish vestry or the provisions of a local Act whether rates are, or are not, compounded for; that under the Government Bill men might, therefore, be enfranchised or disfranchised, without any act of their own, or any general rule of law; and that the suffrage might vary in each parish or borough. A qualification at once so capricious and so unjust has no single element of stability. If rating is to be accepted as a test, it must be applied without reference to the mode of payment and in such a manner as to operate uniformly throughout the constituencies. The plan of enfranchising compound householders by giving them the privilege of going to the overseers and paying over again the rates which they have already handed to their landlord, or, at all events, of paying some additional sum in excess of the composition, is open to two objections, either of which would be fatal. In the first place it would bear the aspect—indeed, it would have the effect—of fining a man for claiming his vote; and, in the second place, it would open the door to endless fraud and bribery on the part of election agents, who would, of course, take into their pay bands of compound householders, over whose votes they would obtain a control by paying their rates. It is scarcely possible to believe Mr. Disraeli serious when he pretends to believe that a suffrage conferred upon conditions such as we have described is based on any principle; but even if he has so far imposed upon himself, he must now be aware that the fantastic principle which he has invented is not likely to command the assent of the House. With regard to the other borough franchises contained in the Bill, it is not necessary to say much at present. They are the mere fringe of the measure, and may well be left for discussion in committee. But it is tolerably obvious that before they can be agreed to they must be fenced round with far more efficient safeguards than any that are provided in the Bill. As they stand, some if not all of them would furnish the



most dangerous facilities for the fraudulent manufacture of votes on a wholesale scale. But whatever may be done with these creations of Mr. Disraeli's ingenuity, there is another franchise, not at present in the Bill, for which a place must be found. After his own emphatic declarations in favour of a lodger franchise—after the general admission that such a franchise has become almost a necessity of our present social state—it is difficult to understand why the Chancellor of the Exchequer has dropped it silently out of the Ministerial programme. It may be urged that it cannot be brought within that great "principle" of rating of which he has become so suddenly enamoured; but the same objection would apply to the fancy franchises which are in the Bill. It can hardly have been left out on account of a supposed democratic tendency, because the fact is that under any conditions which are likely to be adopted, a lodger franchise would confer votes upon more of the middle and upper than of the lower classes. The action, or rather the inaction, of the Government upon this point is inexplicable, but it is none the less a ground of strong objection to their scheme as it stands.

If we did not regard the dual vote as a defunct proposition, we should have to ask why the county constituencies are to be deprived of its advantage. Mr. Disraeli did not attempt to show, and we believe that he could not show, any good reason why, if it be good for the boroughs, it should not be equally good for the counties. The inconsistency is none the less because it will most likely prove unimportant; but we may pass on to something more substantial. The proposition to fix the occupation franchise at £15 rating is wholly inadmissible. It is condemned alike by Mr. Disraeli's own "principle" (which would be fatal to the fixing of any amount whatever as a test) and by a vote of the House during the debates of the session, while it is obviously far higher than public opinion would sanction at the present time. With regard to the scheme of redistribution contained in the Bill, it is so feeble and inadequate as scarcely to deserve a moment's consideration. It allows a host of nomination boroughs still to send members to Parliament; it leaves a number of insignificant places in possession of two members, while it does nothing to meet the fair claims of places like Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham to increased representation; and it passes over in contemptuous silence the just demand of Scotland for increased weight and influence in the Imperial Parliament. It has no doubt been concocted with a view to evade opposition, and to protect, as far as possible, the interest of the territorial class. But its inoffensiveness is so excessive as to amount to ludicrous inefficiency; and its regard for private rights is combined with far too pronounced an indifference to the public welfare. It is so obvious a sham, that it cannot obtain the assent of the House of Commons. If it did, the only result would be that a real and honest redistribution of seats would become the first work of a reformed Parliament.

We have now noticed the principal features of the Bill. The space at our command will not allow us to dwell upon minor, although important details; nor do we care to dissect the loose and, in most cases, the purely imaginary statistics with which Mr. Disraeli favoured the House. We have never regarded the question of Reform as depending for its solution upon arithmetical calculations. Our opinion on the present measure is not influenced by our distrust in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's calculations. We are averse to it on the ground that it is not an honest, nor, as it stands, a practical measure, that it would not satisfy reasonable demands, that it is not calculated to set agitation at rest, but that it would, on the contrary, excite profound irritation, and immensely accelerate a purely democratic movement. Under ordinary circumstances we should feel no hesitation in saying that it was the duty of the Opposition to meet the second reading with a decided negative. As it is, we admit that the difficulties of converting it in Committee into a good measure will be almost insuperable, though the Government should prove themselves as docile and as submissive to correction as their recent conduct gives us a right to hope and expect. But we cannot forget the many years which this question has been before the public—the long deferred and often disappointed hopes to which it has given rise—the feeling of antagonism between classes which its constant agitation is exciting. If the Government Bill be thrown out, a whole year, or the best part of one, will be lost. To that consideration too much weight can hardly be allowed in deciding upon the method of procedure, although it certainly ought not to induce any earnest Liberal to accept a delusive or insincere measure. Upon the whole, the course understood to have been resolved upon at the meeting of Liberal members which was held on Thursday last seems to us to meet very

fairly the exigencies of the case. Let the Government have an opportunity of once more reconsidering their scheme by the light which the debate on the second reading will afford; and with that view, the Bill may be allowed to pass without opposition although not without full exposure, through its next stage. But it must be clearly understood that further toleration is impossible. It will be useless, and indeed dangerous, to go into committee and enter upon an entangling discussion of details, if the Government are obstinately bent upon maintaining the most objectionable parts of their measure, by the aid—if it can be procured—of the Adullamites and of the half-hearted Liberals. Nothing will then remain but to throw upon them, by a decisive vote, the responsibility of the year they have wasted, and of the crisis they have provoked. They will scarcely have the hardihood to go to the country with the dual vote, the exclusion of compound householders, and a £15 county franchise.

#### LA TERRA DEI MORTI.

ONE of the most extraordinary facts connected with the Fenian rising of Ash Wednesday last is the singular apathy exhibited by the rural population. The key and the enigma is to be discovered in the present abnormal social and political condition of the country. In the pre-Cavourian epoch it was often said that Italy was *la terra dei morti*—"the land of the dead." The true land of the dead is Ireland. Observant men who have visited Ireland in these later days have seen with grief and amazement the thick cloud that has settled over the land. Misery, misgovernment, disappointed hopes, have at last broken the spirit of the gayest and most sanguine of all races. The Irish peasant of fifty years ago, the Irish peasant whom Lever loved to paint is a thing of the past. Puritanism and Formulism have not quite eradicated all traces of "merry England," but "ould Ireland" has passed away for ever. The grandfather of the Irish peasant of to-day was, if not a very noble, at least a most interesting being. Living on roots, housed in a mud cabin, he was happy as a king. His food was easily procured; he had, to paraphrase Jerrold's saying, but to tickle the earth with a spade and it laughed an abundant harvest of potatoes. Accordingly he had ample leisure to devote to dancing, drinking, love-making, and quarrelling, amusements varied by occasionally shooting a landlord, or sallying out with a white shirt over his jacket to burn the big house of some obnoxious squire. They have changed all that in Ireland. One by one all the favourite amusements have disappeared. On saints' days crowds seeking physical or spiritual health no longer throng to the holy wells. That graceful superstition, the last relic of the rites practised two thousand years ago by the Druids who made the groves of Tara musical with their hymns is forgotten. The wake, that picturesque barbarism has passed away, the wild *caoine* of the women is no longer heard at the funeral. An Irish fair is nowadays a place where there is much chaffering and not a little drinking of the dull Anglo-Saxon type; the whoop of the rival factions is never heard; no coat is dragged across the green, no shillelagh wielded; there is none of the fun or the fighting that made the Irish fair once the most amusing, if the most dangerous, of spectacles. The match-maker, the *cosharer*, the dancing-master, are only memories of the past; the old village piper is a broken-hearted pauper in the nearest workhouse; the hedge-school is broken up, the old teacher lies in some forgotten and uncared-for grave; some of his little scholars are stout shepherds in the Australian bush, others have found their last resting-place in the battle-grounds of Virginia. And the political as well as the social life of Ireland is dead. In the old times the sanguine Irish peasant had not ceased to hope for national existence; he never doubted that, as assuredly as the sun rose and set, a day of deliverance would dawn for his country. And such hopes were not, it must be remembered, entirely unreasonable. Twenty years ago the population of Britain was little more than double that of Ireland; the priests were unreconciled to the Imperial rule; on the Continent, all parties felt a strong sympathy with Irish disaffection; the legitimists sympathized with the hostility of a devout catholic people to a heretical sovereign and a heretical priesthood; the extreme left wished well to the democrats, who sought to fling off the yoke of the most aristocratic of governments. One by one every hope was frustrated, the population of Ireland diminished, England became stronger in numbers and in wealth, Continental sympathies grew cold, the priesthood saw the folly of resistance to the Imperial Government, and inculcated in their flocks the necessity of submission to the inevitable; and, as far as the rural population was concerned, Irish nationality died an ignominious death in the Widow Cormac's cabbage-garden.



On the ruins of all the high hopes and generous impulses, of all the fun and poetry of old Ireland, one strong and all-embracing aspiration grew up. "The Irish peasant," said Mr. Bright at the Rotunda banquet, "when he asks for food and freedom and blessings, his eye follows the setting sun, the aspiration of his heart reaches beyond the wide Atlantic, and in spirit he grasps hands with the great republic of the West." The love of the Irish peasant for that—

"poor withered breast of earth,  
That once exuberant nourished love and mirth,"

has been slowly abandoned for a passionate desire to leave the old country for ever, for that El Dorado of the poor across the Atlantic, where there are no parsons, no landlords, where want is a thing unknown, and the peasant is supreme lord of the land he tills.

This utter denationalization of the Irish people is only to be accounted for by the remarkable change which has been of late years gradually wrought in the character of the exodus from that country. Twenty years ago the Irish peasant looked on America much as the Spaniards of the sixteenth century viewed Mexico, or the Englishman of to-day India. It was to him a land in which much wealth was to be won by honest labour, in which he was to dwell for a time, and then return home in affluence. Not one Irishman in fifty thought of America otherwise than as a place of banishment; not one Irishman in fifty but looked forward to a speedy return to the dear old country; not one Irishman in fifty but, in those days, would have shuddered had you told him that he would never again see Ireland, that he and his children would find homes and graves in the Irish quarter of some Atlantic city or in some far off prairie of the West. But a few years' residence in America wrought a wondrous change in the mind of the Irish emigrant. Hard work and high pay effectually drove off his home-fever, a disease which remains for any length of time only when the patient is a very idle or a very sentimental man. The honest fellow had lived long and contentedly on potatoes and salt, but he soon arrived at a marked preference for the flesh-pots of Egypt—the Yankee "pork and fixins." The equal of the proudest citizen of the great republic, his spirit rose at the thought of returning to a land where he should doff his cap to every village bashaw. An industrious lad, he soon owned a little patch of land, of which he called no man lord. His soul expanded under the ennobling influences of proprietorship, and he shrunk with horror from the very idea of being what his father was before him—an Irish serf paying to his landlord all the produce of his little farm, save the price of the potatoes and salt that fed, and the rags that clothed, his family. But his honest and tender heart remained unchanged by these influences. He could not go to Ireland, but he would do the next best thing, he would make Ireland—his Ireland—come to him. Accordingly, out of his hard-earned savings he paid the passage-money for his old father and mother, for his little sisters and brothers. And they were but the advance guard of a mighty host. To the village or parish from whence they came they sent accounts, tinged with the bright colours of the Celtic imagination, of the Canaan across the great waters; they sent, too, assistance to enable friends and relatives to join them there. Thus it was that ten thousand wounds were opened in the veins of Ireland from which its life-blood has been pouring for nigh twenty years. The Irish peasant now goes, not to a place of banishment, but to a home; he goes to a country where he will be greeted in familiar accents by dear friends,—to a land where he will be surrounded by kinsmen, and not by strangers,—where his last hours will be comforted by the ministrations of women of his race and priests of his faith,—to, in short, a new Ireland having all of the old Ireland save its misery. Hence it is that the Irish peasant of to-day is in Ireland, but not of it; that he is dead to the interests of the welfare of his country; that his eyes are always turned towards the West; that in geographical position a Briton, he is at heart an American.

To raise up the Irish peasant from this death in life, to teach him that though he can no longer dream of a separate national future, he might become the citizen of a land as happy as prosperous, as identified with the English monarchy as the county of Kent, ought to be the duty of a wise Legislature. The land law of Ireland has made her peasantry what they are. Beneath that most galling and oppressive of all agrarian systems, the life and spirit have been crushed out of a race, so *spirituel*, so delicately organized, that Mr. Mill declares them, in these qualities, to be the modern counterpart of the old Greek people. The land system compels the Irish peasant to live in perpetual fear that the landlord may arbitrarily increase

the rent he pays for his little holding. The Egyptian fellah, who often possesses great riches, lives in abject misery, knowing that any appearance of wealth will excite the cupidity of the *sheik*. The life of the Irish cottier-farmer is, like the Egyptian fellah's, an organized hypocrisy. A witness before the Devon Commission said, that he knew a case in which a farmer who lived in a thatched cottage, who dressed in coarse frieze, and who never had anything save potatoes or oatmeal on his table, gave £10,000, which he had accumulated, for an estate sold in the Landed Estates Court. On one large property in Ireland no marriage has taken place for the past two years, the people feeling that any indulgence in a luxury so extravagant would entail a general increase of rent. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances; it is plain that the condition of Ireland is desperate—that such a condition requires an immediate and an heroic remedy.

#### THE CASE OF MR. CHURCHWARD.

If the vote of the House of Commons upon Mr. Churchward's case may be regarded as indicating a determination to deal in a serious and honest spirit with the question of bribery, no one not personally interested in that practice will fail to rejoice at it. As the matter was first presented to the House it involved only the extermination of Mr. Churchward as a magistrate. But the subject had previously been ventilated on the same evening in that light and airy vein of discussion with which, somehow or other, corrupt practices at elections seem always to inspire the House of Commons. Mr. Bagge, amidst cheers and laughter, asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether several gentlemen who have been more than suspected of such practices are now members of the House and justices of the peace, and whether, with regard to their latter capacity, it was the intention of the Government to remove them from the various commissions to which they belong. Mr. Disraeli, in reply, was more than ordinarily facetious. He suggested the frequency in our annals of jurisprudence of cases of mistaken identity; the necessity of caution in giving an opinion upon matters with regard to which such a mistake might occur; admitted that there was certainly a very great similarity in the names; but added that, as they were all Liberals, and were invariably prompt in condemning anything like Tory corruption, there was *prima facie* evidence that they could not be the same persons. Finally, he suggested a Select Committee as the best means of ascertaining whether Mr. William Henry Leatham was the same Mr. Leatham who was found personally guilty of bribery after the general election of 1859, and whether the other M.P.'s mentioned by Mr. Bagge were the same as those whose names had been more or less implicated in charges of bribery. The way was thus prepared for Mr. Bentinck's amendment, which was of a far more inclusive character than Mr. Taylor's motion. The latter asked only for an address to her Majesty praying that Mr. Churchward should be removed from the commission of the peace for the borough of Dover. The amendment prayed for the removal of "all persons in the commission of the peace in any county, city, or borough, who have been found, either by Committees of the House or by Royal Commissions, guilty of, or assenting to, corrupt practices in Parliamentary Elections." The original motion was lost by a majority of 20 in a House of 302 members. But when it was put to the House as amended, the Speaker declared that the "ayes" had it, and as his decision was not challenged, it was carried without a division. If the House is in earnest, and we believe it capable of sincerity upon almost any other subject that can be brought before it except bribery, Mr. Churchward's enforced retirement from the Bench will be solaced by the fact that others will be disgraced as well as he. If the House is not in earnest, Mr. Churchward will remain in that position in which the startling ignorance of the Lord-Chancellor has placed him. And let us say in passing that never was ignorance more astonishing. Probably there was not an ale-house politician throughout the country who was not aware of Mr. Churchward's dealings with the Tory Government in 1859, the scandal to which they gave rise, and the condemnation of his conduct by the Committee of Mail Contracts. But neither then nor since has the Lord Chancellor been made aware of circumstances notorious to all the rest of the world.

There are two points of view from which we may regard Tuesday's discussion—first, as it affects Mr. Churchward, and next as it affects the general question of corrupt practices. We have no wish to defend Mr. Churchward. We think that Mr. Gladstone erred in excess of generosity when he said, that if that gentleman had conveyed to the House an expression of regret for the conduct which brought upon him the reports of



1853 and 1859, and the judgments of the House of Commons, his offence might be condoned. We incline rather to the view of the matter taken by Mr. Bernal Osborne, who assured the House that there were probably none of its members who knew more of Mr. Churchward than he did, and probably not one who rejoiced less in his acquaintance. He suggested that it would make everybody comfortable if the Home Secretary would rise in his place and say—"Mr. Churchward will retire quietly into the society of those friends who value his acquaintance in private life." Undoubtedly it would tend to the purification of the Bench if corrupt electioneering practices may be considered a stain upon the ermine, or whatever distinguishing mark the borough magistrates of Dover wear; for we cannot doubt, in spite of Sir Stafford Northcote and the cheers of the Ministerial benches when anything was said in his favour, that Mr. Churchward is not, from a political point of view, the purest of men. The grand aim of his life was the possession and renewal of the Government postal contract, which was the life and soul of his commercial enterprise, and on which he relied for the ultimate success of that enterprise. On the 4th of April, 1859, when an election for Dover was about to take place, he wrote to Mr. Hamilton, of the Treasury, an urgent letter, in which he said:—"No compensation whatever could be offered me equivalent to the extension of my contract that I have prayed for. The extension is the pivot on which every department of my business turns. With the extension, I have hopes of the ultimate success of my enterprise." Before this, Mr. Churchward had applied to the Government for an extension of his contract. The Board of Admiralty forwarded it to the Treasury, with a "favourable recommendation," which was simply a form, and the First Lord distinctly stated that he knew nothing about it. The Treasury referred it to the Post Office; and on the 10th of January the Postmaster-General reported strongly against it. Then came the dissolution on the 19th of April; but before the Dover election the contract was renewed. Sir S. Northcote says that he wished to postpone the renewal until after the election; but when Mr. Churchward urged that it would be a very hard case that it should be put off, as he had made the proposal to the Government several months before. Sir Stafford thought he was right, and that it would be an act of cowardice not to renew the contract. No doubt Sir Stafford acted innocently in the matter. But clearly Mr. Churchward's views were thoroughly interested. The evidence of Captain Carnegie is strong on this point. He states that Mr. Churchward, after having volunteered to support the Captain in the coming election, "made an allusion to his anxiety to obtain the renewal of his contract;" said that "they were anxious to defer signing the renewal of his contract until after the election was over; but he felt that that would be too hard upon him, and that he would rather prefer voting for Mr. Bernal Osborne and for myself, inasmuch as he would then have a friend in power whoever was in office." It is quite true that Mr. H. Murray, who was then Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and was present when this statement is alleged to have been made, contradicts Captain Carnegie. But *littera scripta manet*. Mr. Herbert, writing to Captain Carnegie on the 5th of April, the day after Mr. Churchward had written to the Treasury to say that no compensation could be offered him equal to the extension of his contract, urged Captain Carnegie to stand either for Dover or Devonport, and added, "I will send for Churchward, and ask him what the chances are." Why was Mr. Churchward to be sent for unless his advice and interest were to be the price of an extension of his contract?

But between condemning Mr. Churchward's conduct and singling him out as the person to be made an example of, there is a vast difference. If we are now to deal with the offence of corrupt practices at elections, as we have been all along dealing with them, it would be the merest hypocrisy to remove Mr. Churchward from the commission of the peace. He has done wrong, but in truth he has only followed a too common practice. The little interlude in which Mr. Bagge and the Chancellor of the Exchequer showed up the malpractices of some Liberal members, was clearly meant to take the wind out of the sails of the hon. member for Leicester, by showing that if men who have been guilty of bribery, or charged with its guilt, are to be incapable of acting as justices of the peace, the Opposition benches will have to furnish victims to popular indignation as well as the supporters of the Government. But Mr. Disraeli was not prepared for the turn which the discussion took. No doubt he thought that when he had brought Mr. Churchward off, the subject would be allowed to fall to the ground. But Mr. Gladstone would not allow such a *ruse* to succeed. By his vigorous promptitude he defeated the strategy of the Conservative leader, and pledged the House either to

sincere action upon the question of bribery, or to make a confession of the hollowness of its denunciations of this demoralizing practice.

#### M. THIERS ON FOREIGN POLICY.

THE accomplishment of those constitutional changes which the Emperor of the French was lately inclined to grant was accompanied as an outward and visible sign by the restoration in the French Chamber of the tribune which had disappeared with the fall of the National Assembly in December 1851. It was peculiarly appropriate that the first debate conducted from this platform, made glorious by the memories of so many illustrious orators and statesmen, should be opened by M. Thiers. For thirty-seven years at least his name has been prominent for good or evil in French political history; and though among his party allies there may be counted many eminent men—Favre, Pelletan, Picard, Simon—yet it is simply justice to say that the real leadership belongs to Thiers. This is not, in a certain degree, an undeserved supremacy. M. Thiers is, perhaps, the most finished of living Parliamentary orators; deficient in debating power when compared with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Lowe, but excelling all of these in finish of style, clearness of expression, and epigrammatic terseness. His speeches, seldom recurring more frequently than once or twice a year, are always looked forward to as grand displays of eloquence. It was to be anticipated, therefore, that when his "interpellation" of the Government respecting its course towards Prussia and Italy during the late war was accepted by the bureaux of the Corps Législatif as a legitimate subject for debate, his opening speech would be the central point of attraction. It was so. An immense crowd assembled to hear his impeachment of Imperialism. And though now seventy years of age, he showed how little time had tamed the fire and impetuosity of his rhetoric. Never was his personation more brilliant, his sarcasm more biting; not when as editor of the *National* he shook the throne of Charles X.,—not when under the monarchy of July he contended for the leadership of the *bourgeois* Parliament with Odillon-Barrot and Guizot,—not when he denounced in the Republican Assembly the socialist policy of Marrast and Louis Blanc. The galleries, we are told, rang with applause, and even the adverse Imperialist majority "could scarce forbear to cheer" the indomitable old man. When the orator paused in the midst of his speech—it lasted more than three hours—to take a brief rest, Berryer, who heads the few Legitimists in the Chamber, as Thiers leads the Orleanists, with the demonstrative enthusiasm of the French nature, rose, it is said, and "embraced" his old rival. It might be thought by one inexperienced in the details of parliamentary contests, that the triumph of eloquence was complete. Yet it may be safely affirmed that M. Thiers's harangue frustrated every end that he desired to gain, and strengthened that Government of which he is the avowed foe. At the opening of the session of the Chambers, it must be admitted, the Emperor was involved in a painful difficulty. He had at once to encounter the irritation of public feeling consequent on the growth of North Germany, the unification of Italy, and the disappointment of France respecting the Rhenish frontier, and to make trying demands upon the national temper in the shape of a stringent military organization. It would be rash to guess how far the stability of the Bonaparte dynasty might have been endangered by this untoward conjunction of circumstances, had the leaders of the so-called Liberal party shown themselves possessed of any measure of statesmanship, common sense, or liberal feeling. Had MM. Thiers and Favre known how to deal tenderly with French prejudices, without wholly abjuring the broad principles of political freedom, without seeking for the restoration of a condition of things now obsolete and impossible, the work of the *coup d'état* might have been undone. But they did not know how to accomplish this not extravagant task; and they could not learn. They were bound by old associations to fatal traditions of an evil time. M. Thiers looks back longingly to the settlement of 1815 with certain rectifications in favour of France; and by the mass of the French nation the settlement of 1815 is absolutely abhorred. This alone would have sufficed to neutralize the effect of M. Thiers's diatribe against the Imperial régime. But it was scarcely necessary for him to run counter to his country's prejudices to create repulsion against his policy. Every one, whether agreeing with M. Thiers's aims or not, must have felt convinced of their being unattainable. Every patriotic Frenchman, whether Legitimist or Orleanist, Bonapartist or Republican, must have congratulated himself that in a season of unprecedented public insecurity, the desti-



nies of his country had been committed to the charge of one who, with many faults, is at least a statesman, and not to selfish, narrow, vainglorious *littérateurs*.

It is impossible to conceive a foreign policy more radically unsound in principle, more impracticable in operation than that to which M. Thiers clings. It is based upon that feeling of civic patriotism honourable in itself but liable when pushed to extremes to degenerate into a national selfishness. In Frenchmen this mental bias is very commonly conspicuous; it dims the clear good sense of Eugène Forcade and warps the generous sympathies of Louis Blanc. But in M. Thiers it rises to a passion; it colours every one of his thoughts and actions; too often it leads him into political meannesses from which his better mind would no doubt recoil. With him, France is everything—Europe nothing. Liberty, progress, the aspirations of great communities, go for nought in comparison with the preservation of “the equilibrium,” the balance of power. This is no peaceful harmony of nations, but a gross, vulgar, and material balance of interests, maintaining France as the single strong and central Power, surrounded by a band of satellite States, nominally free but kept in forced disintegration and weakness. This is the fundamental idea of M. Thiers’s political system. This it is that informs and vivifies that brilliant work of fiction—to borrow Guizot’s well-known sarcasm—“The History of the Consulate and the Empire.” And this, also, has guided and governed M. Thiers’s parliamentary career. Twice he held the portfolio of foreign affairs under Louis Philippe, and twice his monomania for depressing the legitimate influence of the other European States ejected him from office. In 1836 his meddling intervention, contrary to the wish of the King and the feeling of the nation, in the internal troubles of Spain, then agitated by the Carlist rebellion, led to his downfall. In 1840 the failure of French diplomacy in the Syrian dispute displaced him in favour of his rival, Guizot. And now, after all the teachings of the past, after the changes wrought by the disastrous Crimean war—the one great though perhaps inevitable error of the Imperial policy, and therefore applauded of M. Thiers—the rise of Italy and of Germany, we find his body of political doctrine unaltered in the smallest point.

What is the meaning of this equilibrium of Powers that M. Thiers advocates? It is the negation of the “national” principle, the affirmation of that artificial system of small feeble States dependent for the most part on France, which has proved so repugnant to the temper of our age. Italy as it existed before 1859, Germany as it existed before 1866—these are M. Thiers’s ideals. And, incredible as the statement may appear, the leader of the French “Liberals” seems to imagine that it only needed a word spoken by France to perpetuate the weakening, the dependence, the degradation of the Italian and German Principalities. Does M. Thiers dream that the regeneration of nations is merely the work of diplomatists? Does he suppose that all the astuteness of Cavour, all the yearning labour of Mazzini, all the intrepid devotion of Garibaldi would have availed to rescue Italy from the Austrian if the Italian masses had not felt themselves thrill at the hope of a united Italy? What would Bismarck, the tool of a narrow-minded tyrant, have been able to achieve if he had failed to enlist on his side the enthusiasm of the Germans for a national existence? And in the face of a Germany or an Italy united to consummate its dream of union, what could even France have done? She might, it is true, have joined with reactionary Austria to crush the national spirit in Germany and Italy, but she by so doing would have to a certainty entailed on herself the same fate that befell her when, under Napoleon, she endeavoured to reduce Spain and Prussia to vassalage. M. Thiers is not so mad as to insist that the Emperor should have taken up arms to coerce Prussia, but he holds that a due proportion of threats would have prevented the war from breaking out. Here, again, he makes negotiations and alliances a mere affair for diplomatists; he does not see that the smallest hostile demonstration on the part of France would have united all Germany in a renewal of that unquestionable hate and suspicion that has slumbered since 1815. In fact, the false step to which the Emperor was urged last summer by M. Thiers’s party—the demand for the frontier of 1814, played more than even Sadowa the game of Count Bismarck, and has given him a footing in North Germany which only the most determined folly on his part can shake. Such would undoubtedly be the issue on more important points of that policy—“Conservative abroad, Liberal at home”—which M. Thiers recommends. In this phrase—so arrogant, selfish, and mean, claiming for France that right of freedom which is denied to Italy and Germany—we have M. Thiers’s principle in its undisguised deformity. It is vain for him to tell us that he desires the freedom, though not the unity, of

Italy. He knows that the first and last passion of free Italians since the days of Rienzi and Arnold of Brescia has been to achieve the unity of Italy. And what would have been their freedom if, as M. Thiers wills it, French bayonets had been used to hinder the consummation of this long and deeply-cherished desire? But we know how to estimate M. Thiers’s zeal for Italian liberty when we appreciate the full enormity of the suggestion which he urged last year before the outbreak of the war, and which he now blames the Emperor for declining to adopt. It is, in brief, this:—“You dare not strike Prussia. She is strong; but you can strike Italy, and so deprive Bismarck of an ally. It is true, Italy has done you no wrong, but you are powerful, she is feeble; the game is in your hands.” Compared with this mean and wicked scheme, the high-handed spoliations of a Frederick or a Napoleon have a certain dignity. Never was the example of the footpad upheld in politics before. It is quite consonant with this code of political morals to maintain, as M. Thiers does, the excellence of the Turkish rule in the East. As for the Christian populations and their wicked ravings after a national existence, M. Thiers cannot find words to express the bitterness of his contempt and hatred. Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Layard, rolled into one, are but a faint figure of his incoherent virulence. And here M. Thiers imagines that he sees a chance of averting the triumph of that detested spirit of nationality that has raised Italy and Germany out of the dust. He conjures up the bugbear of an alliance between Prussia and Russia to “agglomerate” on the one hand Holland, on the other Constantinople. To prevent this he calls on England and France to join in upholding the Porte, and he quotes with delight the speech of “that wise Minister, that noble and elevated character, Lord Derby,” a speech “full of good sense,” in which the Greeks are unsparingly denounced. It seems rather strange that a Liberal, even a French Liberal, should extol the policy—above all the foreign policy—of Lord Derby. But bigotry, like poverty, “makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.” After M. Thiers’s perilous praise, it will probably be thought desirable that the Premier should leave the conduct of foreign affairs to his colder and more prudent son.

M. Rouher’s unexpectedly able and eloquent reply was not needed to demolish M. Thiers’s petulant accusation. The charge, in truth, carried with it its own refutation. All Frenchmen are not happily so blinded by national vanity and national selfishness as M. Thiers; they really love liberty, and feel pride in the aid they have given to the emancipation of Italy. And if they are too passionately and devotedly attached to France, the very warmth of their love saves them from the meanness into which M. Thiers falls. In truth, the Frenchman who can imagine that the inherent strength of France is diminished by the growth of neighbouring States has altogether failed to apprehend the true sources of his country’s greatness. “France,” says Enjolvas, in Victor Hugo’s noblest work, “is great because she is France—‘Quia nominor Leo.’” No political changes, nor even any military defeats, can disturb the bases of her power. France is the head of the Latin race, the first of Catholic powers, the guide and champion of every grand movement of the European mind. Locally she occupies a central position in the pathway of civilization, in the commonwealth of the western nations; intellectually she holds a similar place; all the new developments of thought—political, social, philosophical, religious—converge on France, and through France are interpreted to the world. Hers is the heritage of the Revolution, of all the mighty principles that have agitated Europe since 1789. Alone among European Powers, her population is perfectly homogeneous, her interests undivided and coherent. A splendid historic past, less isolated than that of England, less complicated by petty divisions than that of Germany, is an element of strength not to be despised. And her population—enterprising, warlike, and sensitive—must always make her a formidable foe, even to a united Europe, not to speak of a united Germany. Such a nation can never be without weight in the councils of Europe. No empire that can possibly rise on either side of the Alps can destroy her influence. It is surely a pitiful weakness that France should grudge to others a portion of that strength which she must ever herself enjoy. She has less cause than any European kingdom to fear the doctrine of nationalities, and she has still less right, inheriting as she does the ideas of democracy, to put forth her hand to crush the aspirations after freedom of any oppressed peoples.

#### FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

WERE it possible to have done so, the daily papers of last Saturday ought to have been detained in England under a writ



of *ne exeat regno*. There are times when the shame of nations, like that of families or individuals, is better concealed—when it is more judicious to wash our dirty linen at home, and not let our neighbours see how very filthy we have made it. If ever there could be an occasion when the disgrace of a people should have been hid from the eyes of others, it was the case on Friday of last week, when the retention of flogging in the army was made a Ministerial question, and when every effort was made by those who occupy the Treasury Benches to maintain in the service a system of punishment condemned alike by humanity, common sense, and expediency. Foreigners must have read with amazement the discussion of that evening upon Mr. Otway's motion. What an opinion must the sarcastic Frenchman, or the sharp-witted Italian have formed respecting those institutions of which we boast so loudly, when they read of one Ministerial supporter after another rising to defend the use of the lash, which has so long been one of the curses of our army, and one of the disgraces of our military system. There are in London some zealous, and no doubt pious men, who talk of taking advantage of Italy's troubles to press upon her notice what they are pleased to call "a purer Gospel system." How the inhabitants of Milan, Florence, or Naples must wonder amongst themselves as to what can be the religious scheme which produces such fruit, and under which grave and respectable members of Parliament are not ashamed to stand up and advocate, in the warmest terms, a punishment for English soldiers which in other countries is seldom practised upon the vilest of malefactors. Verily it would have been a good thing for England—or at least the nation would have been spared not a little discredit abroad—if for once a "gentleman in black" could have been sent from the Home Office or Scotland-yard last Saturday, to "invite" all London editors to suppress entirely the report of the discussion upon Mr. Otway's motion. Twenty—nay even ten—years hence, even in England, we shall find it difficult to believe that, rather than abolish a punishment which reduces our soldiers to the level of brute beasts, or that places them on an equality with felons of the worst description, Ministers should fight to the death, as if it were a question which regarded the most sacred interests of the country.

And yet there is not a little reason for congratulation both in the fact that a victory has been gained, and in the unanimity of those who so stoutly fought the battle on the Opposition benches. To begin with—and this alone should make us thankful, if only as a forerunner of future triumphs in the cause of army reform—the best soldiers, and those who have seen most service amongst the military men in the House, voted to a man with the majority. Mr. Otway himself was formerly in the army, and saw not a little hard service in India during the Punjaub war. When we mention that the seconder of the motion, Major Anson, has won the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the field, and that he has gone through the campaigns of the Crimea and of the Indian mutiny, little more need be said of this gallant officer's qualifications for judging as to what punishments ought to be inflicted and what ought to be abolished in the British army. To these may be added, from the list of the majority, the names of Major Gavin, Sir William Russell, who have both gained their spurs in actual war, and who, from their Indian experiences alone, are entitled to something more than respect for their opinions on the subject. Both these last-named officers have commanded in the field distinguished cavalry regiments, the 16th Lancers and the 7th Hussars, and if they found that British soldiers could be controlled without the lash being held *in terrorem* over them, their experience should count for something. But the spirit shown by every member who spoke in favour of retaining the punishment was of the real old John Bull, true blue character. A *précis* of the arguments they used and the speeches they uttered could be compressed into a very few words. Flogging in the army is right because it cannot be done away with, and it ought not to be done away with because it is right. The outraged feelings of the soldiers; the well-known fact—admitted even by Sir Alexander Horsford before the Recruiting Commission, and not denied by any of the flogging Conservatives during the debate—that the very knowledge of their being liable to be flogged keeps hundreds of men, belonging to a better class, from enlisting in the army, are alike ignored by the advocates of this most degrading punishment. We have flogged our men, we do flog our men, and, please heaven, we will flog our men, was the logic uttered from the Ministerial side of the House during the discussion of Mr. Otway's motion. It is true that the battle was won, but when we remember how near a defeat it turned out—when we recollect the wretched *fiasco* which General Peel brought out the other day by way of an army reorganization, and when we

think of the enormous amount of stolid, bull-headed obstinacy displayed on this flogging question, it would almost make thinking men believe that in military matters no amelioration of our present condition is possible, and that if ever a day comes when we have to put forth our strength, it will be found that, as a nation, our glory has departed for ever. Our navy, not being blessed with a monopoly of interests, nor ruled over by a never-changing clique, will still prove worthy of the empire; but not so our army. Unless changes which we dare hardly hope for at present take place, our troops will very soon be to other European armies what a wooden sailing vessel is to an armour-clad steamer, or what the old wooden semaphore is to the electric telegraph. As regards everything that constitutes a working land force, we are immensely behind any other civilized nation, and when it is proposed to remove one of the chief obstacles towards the obtaining better men for our ranks, her Majesty's Ministers muster from far and near all their forces to frustrate the good work. If Mr. Otway's motion be honestly carried out, it would add not less than twenty thousand men to our ranks whenever we require them, but the very notion of ever giving the proposed alteration a fair trial is scouted as if it were an attempt to legalize murder or high treason. A country like England cannot long suffer to be governed by men who would use their power and influence to obstruct measures like this.

The history of flogging in the army is one of the most curious of the many singular pages in our military statistics. The advocates of the punishment base their arguments chiefly upon the assertions that the quantity of lashes which could formerly have been inflicted are now greatly reduced, and that a similar diminution has taken place in the number of offences for which it could be awarded. The first of these suppositions is true, the second utterly false. For some years back no military tribunal has had the power to award more than fifty lashes, whereas there are men now barely of middle age who have again and again seen three hundred administered for offences which in civil life would have been punished by a small fine, or a few days' imprisonment. But this argument is altogether foreign to the question. Military discipline, so long as it is just, can hardly be too strict; but it is one thing to punish severely, and another to degrade for ever the recipient of the punishment. The most eager advocates of flogging have not presumed to hint that the cat-o'-nine-tails ever reformed a soldier. Its use partakes much more of the nature of revenge than of punishment. It has made many good men bad, and many bad men worse; but no one who ever suffered from it ever rose even to such limited distinction as the unjust rules of our army permit. As regards the number of offences for which flogging can be awarded, they have increased during the last thirty years from seven to seventeen. Amongst these crimes is now that of habitual drunkenness, apropos of which Mr. Otway related an anecdote which ought not to be lost, and which we give in the honourable member's own words:—"At Agra a captain was arraigned charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, prejudicial to good order and military discipline, in having at a public banquet given to the Maharajah, caused such a disturbance that he had to be removed by force. The court found him guilty of the charge, and sentenced him to be severely reprimanded. The sentence was signed W. R. M. Mansfield, general commanding in chief (hear, hear). The unhappy recruit who got muddled with beer was brought to the halberts, stripped to the waist, and flogged till the blood ran down his back, whilst the accomplished officer of the staff who had to be removed for drunken violence was merely reprimanded (hear, hear). Truly might it be said—

'That in the captain's but a choleric word  
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy.'

Such a mode of proceeding was not at all calculated to popularize the army." And as what all are now attempting to do is to make the army more popular, it will hardly be deemed, even by the most ultra of the ultra-Tories, that the retention of flogging will do much to help the accomplishment of the work. Might they not, if only by way of experiment, try what effect upon the army the abolition of this disgraceful and degrading punishment would have? Has the trial ever been made? Mr. Otway gives us two examples of it where it has, and where the effects have been all that could be wished by the most zealous of those who advocate its abolition. If ever soldiers were subject to the temptations which prove such stumbling-blocks to good behaviour, the Household Brigade, always quartered in London or Windsor, must come under this category. And yet in these regiments the punishment of flogging has for many years been unknown. One of the con-



sequences of this is that a far better class of men than are to be found in other corps eagerly seek to enrol themselves in the Life Guards whenever there is a vacancy. So much for no flogging on home service. And as an instance that it may be abolished in the field, we learn from the same speech that during the Indian mutiny, in the 7th Hussars (then commanded by Sir William Russell, now member for Norwich, and who voted in favour of Mr. Otway's motion) the punishment of the lash was unknown. What that gallant regiment did during the campaign—their famous pursuit of the enemy to the River Taptee, and their various wonderful achievements as light cavalry—are matters of history, of which Englishmen may well feel proud. Surely, if it be proved that both during peace at home and in the field abroad the cat may be laid aside, even the most retrograde Tory might vote for a year's trial of its abolition. Let his being turned out of the army with disgrace be the greatest punishment that can be inflicted on a soldier, as is now the case in the Life Guards, and the abomination of the cat, with all the degradation it entails upon those who witness and administer, as well as those who suffer from it, will very soon be a mere page of history which we shall all be glad to forget.

#### THE REPORTERS' GALLERY.

THE Palace of Westminster is, no doubt, a very fine building. Considering the state of English architecture at the time when it was designed by Sir Charles Barry, it reflects the highest credit upon the genius of that eminent man. But its internal arrangements are far from perfect. In some respects they were always inconvenient, in others they have become deficient from the vast growth of Parliamentary business of all kinds during the last thirty years. The House of Commons is confessedly inadequate to the accommodation of the members when there is anything like a full attendance; and the galleries allotted to strangers of both sexes will only seat a mere fraction of those who desire to hear an important debate. There is, indeed, a good deal to be said in defence of the architect on both these points. Considering the amount of business done in committee, where the discussions are carried on in a conversational manner, it is important that the hall should be as small and compact as possible, and it is perhaps less inconvenient that members should be occasionally crowded on a "great night," than they should be lost in empty space on evenings of average or inconsiderable interest. Then, again, the limitation placed on the number of strangers admitted, has, at least, this good effect, that it is an effectual check upon those demonstrations by the occupants of the galleries which frequently take place in foreign assemblies, to the detriment of the dignity, and sometimes of the independence, of the Legislature. The true publicity of the proceedings of our English Parliament is that which they gain through the press; and so long as our newspaper reporting maintains its present standard, there is no need to be solicitous about the accommodation of spectators who may wish to gratify mere curiosity, however natural or intelligent. But the important bearing which the publication of the debates in Parliament has upon the practical working of our political system certainly renders it expedient that every facility should be given to the reporters in the discharge of their difficult duties. It has, however, long been notorious that the accommodation for journalists is imperfect, and on Tuesday evening Mr. Brady called the attention of Lord J. Manners to the subject. Let us see how far the complaints of the honourable member are reasonable, and to what extent it is desirable or practicable to meet them. The reporters' gallery consists of two rows of seats. The first row, which is sunk below the level of the floor, is divided into fifteen boxes, which are allotted to the different London newspapers. Of these the *Times* has three; most of the other morning papers have two, and the *Globe* and *Sun* have one each. Each of these seats has a broad desk and a separate inkstand. There are also four other seats in some respects similar, but far less convenient for reporting, as they are raised above the level of the gallery, and their occupants face the side galleries instead of the body of the House. These nineteen seats are, in point of fact, all in which writing can be done with comfort; and the occupants of which can see and hear well enough to report with fulness and accuracy. The back seat of the gallery is not divided into boxes, and will probably accommodate about twenty-five or thirty persons. A narrow ledge, scantily furnished with inkstands, runs in front of it, and it is certainly possible for those who occupy it to take a general note of the substance of a debate. But writing is a matter of extreme discomfort; and there is this further disadvantage that, although

the leading members on the Treasury and front Opposition benches may be heard, they cannot be seen. It will, therefore, be seen that the gallery cannot accommodate, however imperfectly, more than about fifty persons; and this was sufficient at the time it was constructed. At that period there were fewer morning newspapers than there are at present. None but reporters were admitted; it was enough to provide a front seat for each reporter and summary writer actually on duty, and to accommodate in the back row those who were waiting to take their "turns." This back row was, in fact, originally regarded merely as a place in which a man could hold himself in readiness for his work, and could sit for a short time before "going on," in order to gather the thread of the debate. Of late years, however, a number of weekly newspapers have obtained admission to the gallery for gentlemen who write summaries of the Thursday and Friday evenings' proceedings; and it has become the custom for the morning newspapers to send down "leader writers" to hear the debates, so that they may be able to write upon them without waiting for proofs of the reports; and the taste for descriptive sketches of the proceedings in Parliament, or of prominent members, has further increased the demand for accommodation for those who supply these kind of articles. The result is, that on any evening of unusual interest the gallery is most inconveniently crowded, not so much by reporters as by journalists in general. Instead of being merely a "reporters' gallery," it has been converted into a gallery for the London press in general, and, as might have been expected, it is totally inadequate to this; and work is now too frequently carried on in it under circumstances of great difficulty and embarrassment. Even if it were desirable, it is impracticable, to go back to the old system, and to exclude every one but the reporters for the morning and evening journals. The hour at which newspapers of large circulation are compelled to go to press renders it absolutely necessary that their articles should be in type as early as possible; and, moreover, there is an unquestionable advantage to a writer in hearing instead of merely reading a debate. It is, therefore, highly desirable that measures should, if possible, be taken to increase the accommodation. But although we agree so far with Mr. Brady, it is not easy to point out in what manner this is to be done. No doubt it would be possible to carry the reporters' gallery partially round each side of the House, and in that way the demand for additional space might be efficiently supplied. But that would encroach on the galleries devoted to members; and considering their frequent and just complaints as to the difficulty of finding seats during important debates, we can hardly expect them to give up any portion of their territory. The only other mode in which the gallery could be enlarged would be by throwing back the end wall of the House, and constructing one or more rows of seats under the ladies' gallery. By raising the third row of seats somewhat above the one in front, very fair accommodation might be provided for those who were merely listening to, or taking short notes of, the debate. To reporters it would be of little or no advantage except in so far as it afforded relief from the present overcrowding. The execution of this plan would no doubt involve a considerable expenditure; nor are we sure that it could be carried out with safety to the structure. It is open to the serious objection that it would diminish to a very inconvenient extent the waiting and writing rooms behind the gallery, which are already too small for the purposes to which they are devoted. But upon the whole the balance of advantage is in its favour, and it is certainly well worth considering whether it is not practicable. It is clear that unless something of the kind is done, the gallery will become still more inadequate than at present. There is every reason to anticipate an increase in the number of morning papers; and, indeed, the pressure would even now be greater than it is if three of our contemporaries did not work with a common corps—two of them printing their reports from stereotype-plates supplied by the third. That is an arrangement which may come to an end any day, and when it does, the rupture will entail the creation of two new corps.

But although we are of opinion that a reasonable extension of the gallery is highly expedient, Mr. Brady seems to us quite unreasonable in demanding that it shall be so far enlarged as to accommodate the representatives of Irish, Scotch, and English provincial journals. It would, in fact, be nothing short of impossible to provide such accommodation, if even the leading non-metropolitan "dailies" were all to take a fancy for having independent reports. In order to do this, the gallery must be made half as large as the house itself. And when the accommodation had been provided it would not be taken advantage of to any considerable extent. The experiment of regular independent reports transmitted by telegraph was tried a few years ago by the two leading Manchester newspapers, and was carried on



for some time at an immense expense. That that expenditure was remunerative in a commercial point of view we do not believe the proprietors of either of the newspapers in question would for a moment maintain. Although their reports were exceedingly well done, they were necessarily for the most part very brief, and were no substitute for the fuller ones furnished by the London journals. The experiment eventually came to an end, mainly in consequence of the exorbitant terms insisted upon by the telegraph companies, whose object was, and is, to obtain a monopoly of the supply of intelligence to the country. It is not likely, so far as we can see, to be repeated; for these companies do themselves supply, at a much lower rate than each newspaper could obtain it independently, a very full summary of each night's debate. This is transmitted into the country, and is furnished to all journals who subscribe for it. The only occasion on which it is really of advantage to a provincial journal to have a special report is when there is some debate of purely local interest, which is certain not to be reported in the London papers; and several of the leading Scotch and Irish journals are in the habit of having such reports prepared and transmitted to them by telegraph. But in order to obtain them, it is not necessary for them to keep in, or to send over to, London their own staff of reporters; nor would they ever think of doing so if they are well advised. A reporter unaccustomed to the House of Commons is not half so efficient as a man well acquainted with the place, with the members, and with the business of the assembly. Apart, altogether, from the question of expense—which is very material—it is the best course for provincial papers to get such reports as they need from some of the London reporters who are habitually employed in the gallery. There is never any difficulty in their doing this, nor is any likely to arise. It would therefore be absurd to complicate the question of such an extension of the gallery as is needed for the wants of the London press by a proposition to provide accommodation which is really not required. We have every respect for the ambition of our provincial contemporaries, nor have we the slightest wish to refuse them any just claim. But, after all, they must be content with their legitimate sphere. They are not metropolitan newspapers, and they cannot become such by any expenditure of labour or capital—certainly not by any which they are likely to make. Although there is a good case for enlarging the gallery to such an extent as will render it adequate to the wants of the London press, there is none whatever for throwing it open to British journalists in general.

#### PLUSH IN POLITICS.

A curious article appeared in the *Globe* of last Wednesday, under the heading of "Literary Radicals." The style combined the grace of a footman with the learning of a clerk in a herald's office; but the assurance and personal consciousness were unique, and approached the sublime of absurdity. "Mr. Bright is illiterate," Mr. Mill and Mr. Goldwin Smith are rubbing their skirts with tailors and glassblowers, instead of "measuring themselves with their betters." We hear of "culture" in every line. "Certain Fellows of Colleges" are spoken of, and the "good fun of watching these men" is harped upon. Some of the phrases display peculiar elegance, and the following is really beautiful:—"Your literary Radical, especially if he be a 'philosopher'" (the reader will notice the terrible power of sarcasm displayed by putting "philosopher" between inverted commas), "is apt to lose weight by going into public life. The shaking of the great electioneering bag sweats him, as Jews do sovereigns, and his intellectual gravity is the lighter for it." Farther down we are treated to "soft sawder that made nothing stick." Now, these expressions are useful as indicating the nature of the mind in which the notion of "Literary Radicals" was conceived. They expose the soiled shirt under the deceptive front; they show the dirty finger-nails stripped of the glove in which their unsightliness was hidden. If a man were to form a disposition upon the sentiments laid down in the remarkable essay to which we allude, one would expect to find him down among the cads, and distinguished from other cads by his uneasy aspirations to the position of a snob. There is no mincing words with this sort of thing. It is simply unworthy of letters, and is as insufferable in journalism as cheap and nasty perfumes are in a drawing-room. The inane flippancy with which Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Mill are treated is of course below the contempt or notice of those gentlemen; but the use of plush in composition is to exemplify its own servitude, its open-mouthed worship of rank, its dropping-down deadness before aristocracy, and its enormous appetite for eating toads only half preserved in a diluted

brine of Attic salt. We have often alluded to the eloquence of the *Telegraph* and the courageous flights of the *Standard*, but the *Globe* is initiating a tone to which the performances of these papers are comparatively tame. With an affectation of scholarship which is supported with a painful effort and a manifest feebleness, it joins the airs of a foolish dilettanteism. It is neither healthy nor wise. One rises from the perusal of it with the same feeling experienced when coming from a hair-cutter's shop, with the din of the gossiping barbers ringing in the ears, and the scent of pomatum lingering about us. Fine writing is bad enough, and coarse writing is bad enough, but this plush writing is worse, far worse than any literary infatuation. In its own way it is coarser than the coarsest composition. It is sure to break out into vulgarity as in the cases which we have quoted. It wants everything of which it would claim a special monopoly. It is not calm, it is not equable; it is hitchy, pointless, ornamented with pinchbeck epigrams as flagrant and as poor in manufacture as Arcade jewels; it is always admiring itself, always garrulous and full of brag, pretentious, saucy, and impotent. Who but a plush writer would class Mr. Mill as "a noisy democrat" with "a small faction"? Who but a plush writer would speak of Lamartine as "*poor M. de Lamartine*"? Toryism is indeed driven to wretched straits if its advocates are all of the plush pattern. At present we do not so much advert to the political animus of the plush style as to its inherent viciousness as a medium of thought. We have never come across an atmosphere in books similar to this, and we trust it is confined at present to the discoverer or the inventor. We protest against it in order to caution others. It is so eccentric and awkward, that when assumed, the writer must think wrongly. The intellectual deportment he puts on is fatal to common sense and to reason. We will not deny that the plan of the *pose* is ingenious, but it is a cheap and paltry kind of ingenuity, which will no more bear a crucial test than the wares of a Cheap Jack will stand close examination. In the article under question a start is made from an apparently novel point, but the finish is upon a bare and open platitude, in which the writer is seen in his true colours and in the real worthlessness of his mannerism. For we would wish to discriminate; the plush style may be the garb of either a very clever or a very stupid writer. Clever writers, when tainted with a love for tuft-hunting, are capable of degenerating into just such twaddle as "Literary Radicals." And when once the fashion serves them, farewell consistence, farewell truth, farewell logic, but welcome little bits of broken glass to pass for jewels of wit. The supreme assurance of such a sentence as this condemns itself:—

"There are some dull and rather shabby writers who think that fidelity to their order requires that they should join political agitators rather than acquiesce in the leadership of anything like an aristocracy."

We suppose they are dull and shabby *because* they do not follow aristocracy! It is possible to be dull and Conservative, and it is possible to be dull and Liberal; but if an unfailing recipe is wanted to produce the first combination, recourse may be had to the *Globe*, when it glows with plush in the cool of the evening. What class or denomination of people is supposed to be influenced by those extraordinary articles? Partisanship is now accredited with some intelligence, but this barren blustering is utterly vacant and futile. To show to what degrees of absurdity it is weighted for sinking, we will instance the leader following that on which we are commenting, and in which we find this exquisite piece of humour:—

"Mr. Gladstone, whose temper seems to have been utterly ruined by the long continuance of the east wind, assumed that the purpose of the amendment was to enlarge the motion for the purpose of voting against it."

Here we have plush at the finest; this is sarcastic and biting. If we were to imitate, in a mild and diffident manner, so wonderful a notion, we might do so by referring to the almanac, and seeing that the inspiration was conceived during the period of the new moon. We have as fair grounds for believing that that luminary affects the *Globe* as the *Globe* has for insisting on the force of the east wind in politics. Our contemporary appears bent upon forming a school for statesmen, and upon calling it an "academy," as Boswell's father said. But we do not think our contemporary will succeed. Mental foppishness is shortsighted, and the eyeglass will not save it from a pitfall. The modern news reader will not swallow the broken meats from high tables. Literature in livery is doomed, Jenkins is losing his office in hunting up Court scandal, and we cannot encourage a prototype who undertakes as menial, though a more pretentious occupation in politics. Nor can we understand the necessity for the existence of such a theory of Conservatism as that propounded in the *Globe*. Opinions



generally prove their right to publicity by being capable at least of standing upright for a moment, but those rickety speculations are as boneless and as muscleless as the dummies in a tailor's window, and as weak upon their legs as infants of the tenderest age. Plush in writing is as false as the false calves upon the plush wearer in real life. Indeed, the plush writer is always showing his calves, so to speak—boasting of his acquirements—his "culture" stands for his calf. We may dismiss him now, but not finally. We may have as much fun in watching him as he has in watching "certain Fellows of Colleges" and "Professors" as they go through "periodicals" and "books." His course may be a short, but in a sense it is sure to be a "merry" one. He is better fun than he thinks, and we shall not lose sight of him. We thought the poet of the *Globe* was the star of that journal, but the apostle of plush in politics must receive the palm.

#### NEW VEINS OF OLD THOUGHT.

EVERY one has, at some time or other, been struck with the fact that while physical science constantly progresses, adding ever new territories to its empire, the social and moral sciences appear to tend constantly to reproduce some old principle in a new phase. This is strikingly displayed in religious matters, but we need not here dwell upon so obvious an illustration. In other regions of thought and speculation, as morals and metaphysics, we find the same want of expansiveness; and so, too, in politics; there are no new truths discovered, but only new applications of old truths. This barrenness is, by some, attributed to the futility of the method adopted in the investigation of these subjects, as well as to the nature of the subjects themselves, which will not admit of scientific treatment, and which, according to these thinkers, can never expect to make any positive advances. Thought appears to them to revolve during long cycles, but to be unable to make a direct advance without science to propel it. Old heresies, old theories, old political schemes, reappear, it is said, as surely as old fashions, though not so rapidly, and the result is merely that we toss restlessly without finding ease, and that, as we can only change our posture, we may as well lie still; the result of all our strivings is merely that,—

"Age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,  
A dust of systems and of creeds."

One feature of this helpless philosophy is clearly true, that old states of society and old modes of thought have a tendency to reproduce themselves. The thoughts of individuals even seem to pass through cyclic revolutions, for who has not noticed that certain modes of thought and feeling constantly reproduce themselves after certain intervals; and sufficient explanation might perhaps be found for this in the ever-recurring necessities of his nature. On the other hand science in the mass and individual moves constantly forward. Without venturing into the depths of the question, or discussing how far this difference is due to the one class of thoughts being evolved by man from within, and the other class being external to him, the outward fact appears clear that thought, as distinguished from physical science, has a tendency to reproduce itself. This is what is involved in theories of reactions, and explains the apparently brilliant commencement of many social systems which after a while fall into the inevitable degeneracy. In fact, the irresistible centripetal force of inertia tends to bring society round to its old position; it is easy to see that this has very little influence over physical science. Like the snake, society casts its old skin, and is fresh and bright for awhile, but the new skin, like the old, loses its lustre, and is cast in its turn.

The best test of a man's mental constitution is perhaps his faith in the progress of society under these circumstances. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for this month says, "The Radical is the man who hopes; the Tory is the man who has ceased to hope." This is not exactly true or exhaustive. The Tory, indeed, appears to be the man who has ceased to hope, who thinks the world must always travel in the same groove. On the other hand, the Radical perhaps is the man who *only* hopes, and who expects nothing from the past, but looks entirely to the future. He believes in the reconstruction of society, and thinks that if the world could be once shaken out of its old grooves it would no longer revolve on its axis, but would go spinning through space; a hope that found its most complete expression in the French Revolution, that most violent jolting out of the old ruts which the world has ever witnessed. It seemed at that time to the disciples of Rousseau that they could frame "a world of other stuff;" human life to be

indefinitely prolonged for one thing. In truth, all such hopes of the complete reconstruction of society presuppose a belief that what are now supposed to be the necessary conditions of human life may be abolished by the progress of science and intelligence. Hence the fond dream that war may shortly become a thing of the past; that crime may be gradually or even speedily abolished; and generally that evil may be extirpated by the forms of society. Here we see the social sciences contemplating a forward progress which physical science cannot hope to match, for physical science has not unbounded scope. Undoubtedly, the immense results that may be obtained by honest efforts at amelioration give some colour to these wild hopes, but the point which seems to us to be lost sight of is that the advances of social science are never, so to speak, linear motions through space, but the ever-widening sweep of motion in an orbit: what is, therefore, lost in direct advance is made up by an increased area and by conquests consolidated as soon as they are completed.

Thus there is a third class who hope, and yet who do not hope, as the Radical such as we have described him; they do not hope to leave behind their old state, but to obtain ampler scope and wider powers, expecting nevertheless to have some of the same evils as at present to deal with, and it may be new ones, which will attend their altered condition; they do not expect under any circumstances, or by any social or political scheme, to get an entirely fresh start in which they shall no more be hampered by the past. The Tory who has ceased to hope, who abolishes the future, and the Radical whose hope is in abolishing the past, are but the same man in different stages—as in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" the cynic voluptuary is the same as the radiant youth who rode the winged horse to the palace of Pleasure. But the man who, accepting as a fact certain inherent limitations of human powers, hopes to give those powers a wider scope, will find nothing to dismay him in the orderly development of the world's progress, or to disappoint him in its slow advances. The world's progress may be viewed as a vast mine, which is not unbounded in extent or yield. Sometimes a vein is explored which seems of great promise, but which leads to nothing; sometimes an explosion will daunt the adventurer, and a generation will pass away in inaction (or reaction), but on the whole the work goes forward, and the world becomes wealthier; new veins are discovered, perhaps of purer ore, or of richer yield; even a new metal may be discovered; but what is that to the mass of older species already brought to light? However, with all our exertions we cannot hope to discover the philosopher's stone.

How many have been the plans which were to prove the philosopher's stone in politics or social life! "Property is theft." In how many forms has the revolution contemplated in this maxim reappeared as the grand remedy for a world out of joint! Then, too, the opposite principles of asceticism and indulgence, as restoratives of social life, find their latest developments in New America, as they have always found stoics and epicureans in one shape or another to proclaim them as the grand secret for the regeneration of morals. Again, in politics, the democratic idea, after coming to a sudden check in the ancient world, has found a rich vein, which it is working assiduously; and if it should end again in monarchy, it will not be the old monarchy, but a regenerated form; the new democracy or monarchy are new forms, if the idea is old. Who can then pretend that the world does not sweep through a wider orbit than of old—not wider, it may be, in proportion to our needs, but wider absolutely? All we desire is, that it should be proportioned to our needs; it is this kind of advance of needs and capacities and scope for them which makes civilization. We do not desire to escape from the necessities of our nature, but to feel that while we cannot remain stationary, the constitution of society is expansive likewise. In general, the society has already expanded before the forms yield the necessary room, and it is at such a time that the pressure is most severely felt, and a shock most dangerous. We need scarcely cite as an illustration of the tendency of society to reproduce itself the delusions which possess men periodically. The stream of delusion and imposture flows perennial; but there are tides. The South Sea Bubble has its imitators; our credulity may be less gross than that of our ancestors, but, if so, imposture is more refined—California is certainly not so visionary as Eldorado. The basis of credulity remains, but it shines in the general advance, and becomes less gross. If the world grows no better, it must still advance our penalty of falling back into a worse state.

The condition of labour at the present time is another illustration of our topic. In the old times artisans formed their ancient guilds for defence against their feudal superiors, as well as to secure efficiency in their crafts. The tide of events has



left these antiquated organizations stranded; but the desire for organization remains and trades' unions are founded; voluntary as yet and unrecognised by the law, they appear to be struggling to obtain a legal status and to attain a more effective condition; they aim at organizing labour once more. Whether wisely endeavouring or not, they bear witness to the necessity for some organization.

Again, in the schemes for compulsory education have we not a new form of a very old notion? the revolutions of ages have brought us round to that point.

We may consider the world's orbit as a curve which does not return into itself, but as one of those spirals which at every revolution—for they do not stretch out into infinite space—embrace a wider area.

#### THE TEACHING OF GIRLS.

IN an age which is busily discussing such questions as the enfranchisement of women, and their admission to deal medically with the ailments of the Queen's subjects, to say nothing of their appointment to the consulships of seaport towns, the teaching of girls can hardly be an unimportant or uninteresting subject. It is more usual to employ the phrase "education of women," and a good many of the advocates of progress in these matters do talk and write as if teaching facts to a girl were, as a matter of course, properly and sufficiently educating a woman, and as if the further belief were true that the more you can teach the better you educate. On this point there is an instructive utterance in the *Cornhill Magazine* for the present month, in an article on "Female Education in Germany," written by one who has apparently generalized from limited particulars, but yet has much that is valuable to tell so far as the particulars themselves are concerned. German girls, we are told, have advantages such as we should accept for English girls with an ecstasy of gratitude. They are taught regularly, systematically, patiently, conscientiously. Everything is taught, and everything is taught well. The same professors that lecture the older boys in the college class-room, teach the girls in the greater privacy of their school-rooms. It is a very fair picture of advantages in the way of teaching, and though we have scholastic methods, in London for instance, which are sufficient to restrain the ecstasy with which the *Cornhill* writer assumes that we should hail a German deliverer, still, when we look to the provinces, we cannot help wishing that a little more of the German yeast were at work. But that good teaching of this description for girls is in itself good education for them as women, or, at any rate, results in their being educated women, and taking a position accordingly, the same writer conclusively shows not to be the case. This is a point on which too much stress can scarcely be laid. It is more for women than for men to apply the needful check and remedy, and yet it is rather women than men that would press on the teaching of girls to its highest developments, and leave the elaborately taught young woman to find her place in life on the strength of what they have taught her. The writer in question informs us that the well-taught girls of German gymnasia become as a class the most unintellectual of women. They knit and spin, and do any amount of cookery, the kitchen being the great resource of married and unmarried women. The kitchen is their one unfailing topic of conversation. Scandal may fail, not that it often does; nine-days' wonders may cease, local enmities may be done away with, but the kitchen, it seems, never fails. In return for this unremitting attention to the drudgery of the house, the *Hausfrau* has for her reward an *abonnement* for one or two nights at the theatre; she is allowed to frequent the coffee-gardens in summer, there to indulge her customary passion for the beverage to which the gardens are sacred; she can choose her own gowns, within limits, and, with like restrictions, her own female friends. It is not the sort of life we might expect from one trained up in all the learning that University professors have at their fingers' ends, with all the system and method in which such pedagogues revolve among our German cousins. It is not, for example, the sort of life for which we should desire to train the young girls now under instruction amongst us. Not that we wish the women of our households, our wives and housekeepers, not to knit and look after their cooks, or not to go to the theatre occasionally and choose their own dresses, but we do not want them to do nothing but the one, or desire as a reward nothing but the other.

Keeping, then, carefully in mind the fact that very many influences have to be brought upon a girl besides hard teaching, before she can be said to be in full education as a woman, it is

very necessary to take care that the teaching part of her education is thoroughly well done. That this is the case in such happy families as possess the means of securing a perfect companion for the growing children, who is at the same time an elaborate teaching-machine in pleasant disguise, there can be little doubt, especially when the comparative ease with which the services of good masters can be obtained, by those who have money, is considered. We take it that a few ladies thus trained, or trained, rather, under similar advantages according to the method of their times, have given to students of history an idea that our ancestresses were learned women. Here and there a fair form stands forth, adorned in mind as in body, but we should be in error if we argued from the few to the many, except in the form of a contradiction. Of the large number of girls of the middle and upper middle classes, such as would now be sent to schools of various degrees of excellence according to their means, we suspect the teaching was, two centuries ago, of a very limited description. The present day has brought it to be of an unlimited description, unlimited in compass of subjects, unlimited, we had almost been tempted into saying, in badness of style. For many years the more intellectual of our countrywomen have grieved over this fact. They have seen the surface of showy "accomplishments" usurping the place of solid information, and pert shallowness has put well-balanced common sense into the background. No one has lamented it more than the victims themselves, the undertaught girls now become women, craving in later years as they craved in vain in their schoolrooms for some insight into the reasons of things—*why* you put down a 2 and carry 1, *why* the French language commits this vagary and the German that, *why* some of the patent facts in physical geography are facts, and so on. Various remedies have been applied. We have referred to the admirable ladies' colleges of London, admirable so far as the facilities for instruction are concerned—the only point with which we have now to do. A year or two ago the two Universities were sounded on the subject. They had been rattling their old bones—we say it with all reverence—in the matter of teaching in the world outside, so far as their own peculiar prey, the male sex, was affected, and the lively feminine imagination of a few enthusiasts formed the idea that they might possibly be brought to try another rattle or two, and extend the privilege of supervision to the weaker sex also. After much intestine struggle, a small majority in a large house willed it that Cambridge should go forth and do justice upon female education by the space of three years. Two of the three have now elapsed, and without waiting for her sister's eventual determination as to the continuance of this juvenile knight-errantry or its cessation, Oxford sallies forth from her councils, prepared to do by summer what Cambridge has now for two years done in the winter, that is, to admit freely to its examinations throughout the kingdom girls as well as boys, all proper regard being had to the avoidance of publicity in the case of girls under examination, a difficulty which the tact of Cambridge appears to have overcome. After this most sufficient testimony to the general force of the principle she has temporarily accepted, Cambridge cannot in reason refuse to make her three years perpetual.

We have before us the reports published by the University of Cambridge, or rather addressed to the University by the Syndicate which manages these matters, respecting the performances of the girls under examination in December, 1865, and December, 1866, with some incidental information regarding a sort of trial examination of girls, held by private consent in 1864. The object would seem to be to indicate to schoolmistresses (1) the sort of thing they should teach beyond the necessary or natural things taught to girls and not to boys; (2) the sort of books which they should use as text-books; (3) the sort of teaching which can be fairly called satisfactory. If more than this is meant, if, for instance, it is intended to string up the teaching of girls to something which will give half of them water on the brain and make the other half pedantic smatterers, the whole movement is vicious, but we look in vain for indications of such viciousness, at any rate, on the part of the University; and as for the schoolmistresses, we observe with pleasure a remark in the present year's report to the effect that girls "are not tempted by the hope of obtaining a place in the Honour Classes to try a great variety of subjects. Comparatively few take in the full number of sections allowed." If this be compared with what no doubt is a general feeling respecting girls' schools, it will be seen that already, after only two years' work, schoolmistresses have learned that solid information on a limited number of simple subjects is all they can really make sure of imparting, and no sign could be more hopeful than this. Arithmetic, as we might have expected, is



a great trial to girls, and probably most men have heard complaints that there is never a reason to be got for arithmetical processes from the ordinary teachers of girls at school. It appears that in 1864 no less than 90 per cent. of the senior girls failed in this one subject; whereas, to show what a year's training can do, only 4 per cent. of juniors, and not 2 per cent. of seniors, failed in arithmetic in 1865. Last December was again fatal, shall we say, to show what a year's confidence can do? Not so large an average as in the first year failed, but still 20 per cent. is a larger average than should have followed the 2 per cent. of the previous year. Pure mathematics were not successful; but men may open their eyes when they hear that one young lady took in applied mathematics with distinguished success, obtaining full marks for every question she attempted. These last, of course, are exceptional subjects, and the strength of the examination should rather be turned to such subjects as are ordinarily taught and ordinarily taught badly—modern languages, for instance, which girls are in the way of learning with about as much intelligence as so many parrots. It is clear that a searching grammatical inquiry into the state of preparation in these subjects must be very valuable, and we suppose that before the pressure of this test had been applied for a year or two, examiners could scarcely have described themselves, as they do now, as being much gratified with the work sent up.

It would manifestly occupy more space than we can afford, if we were to enter at any length into these interesting reports. We leave them with a commendation and a warning. The commendation is certainly deserved by all who are engaged in this very useful work. The warning is probably required by many educational enthusiasts of the present day, whether they bring their crotchets to bear upon girls or boys. Teaching, in the sense of imparting information, is not everything. In some parts of Germany, as we have seen, everything is taught, and everything is taught well; and yet, the German girls grow up into women whose whole soul is absorbed by Brogdignagian sausages and the manufacture of *compôtes*. The social side of the training of girls is of more serious importance than the amount of chronology or geology they can acquire, and no system can be really scientific and practically successful which loses sight at any point of this largest side of the question it has to deal with.

#### ORATORICAL SUICIDE.

We witness from time to time very strange spectacles, but few more strange than that of an orator inveighing against oratory. It is like the suicidal course of many illiberal teachers, who will by arguments addressed to your reason prove that you have no business with a reason accessible to argument. The Duke de Persigny zealously endeavouring to persuade his hearers that eloquence is dangerous, was under the necessity of failing in order to succeed; and if he succeeded in convincing, his proof would fail. The only escape from such a dilemma consists in making oratory ridiculous in the speaker's person; but there is this disadvantage attending so partial a demonstration that the result may turn out quite contrary to expectation, and may end in setting off other oratory by contrast instead of creating a misgiving as to the value of all eloquence. The advocates of silence—for silence is not allowed to be its own advocate—are in a difficult position; for they must not open their mouths to demonstrate the value of their practice, as thereby they at once upset the teaching of their example, and, on the other hand, if they do not proclaim the virtues of silence, the world is likely to go on in its ignorance. With regard to the merits of silence itself we may quote once more (positively for the last time!) the well-worn "Silence is silvery, but speech is golden," and we may find an interpretation of the maxim in the fact that speech is the more current and useful metal in ordinary affairs; when affairs are on a great scale it becomes indeed cumbersome: one cannot pay national debts in silver or speech. But we only wish that speech reached this useful and homely standard; the speeches of some honourable members and others whose "mission" it is to make all good things ridiculous, by no means ring like true metal of any kind; they are like the coinages of Hudibras—

"So debased and hard, no stone  
Is hard enough to touch them on."

However, the Duke de Persigny was bent less on demonstrating the mischievous effects of oratory than on denouncing responsible ministers. He was, as is too usual with Frenchmen, unfortunate in his illustrations from English politics, citing, as a clearly mischievous and undesirable result of responsibility,

the fact that England could not rid herself of the American nightmare, because her Ministers were responsible to Parliament, and afraid of being outvoted. What connection this had with Parliamentary eloquence is difficult to see. This instance is as ineffectual as the "shades of Pitt and Chatham" which he conjures up, or as Pitt and Chatham themselves would have been to rid us of the American incubus under similar conditions. Then in his turn Baron Charles Dupin was as unlucky as the Duke de Persigny. He reminded the Duke that the noblest times of English history were those of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke—a proposition we should scarcely be prepared to admit.

It is rather painful for a people like the English, solid in their ways, loving responsible rulers, hating useless talk, and cultivating a "leg-of-mutton" style of oratory (since they must find some mode of expressing themselves), to be told, by a member of one of the most rhetorical races of Europe, that their besetting sin is the love of oratory. They could not hesitate to admit the charge of loving the responsibility of Ministers, but it is hard to connect with it a charge of too great fluency. The old Hogarth type of Englishman, who staggers blindly through his post-prandial difficulties, and affects to despise, but in secret perhaps envies, the easy flow of our French neighbours, may well wonder at so unmerited a reproof.

But is there any real connection between oratory and responsible government? No doubt responsible government involves an amount of platitude which threatens at times to submerge government responsibility and oratory together in one bilgewater grave. But this is not what the Duke de Persigny refers to; he means rather that this responsibility of Ministers involves a careful study of the passions and humours of Parliament, and induces a tendency to tickle their ears with sweet speech of flattery. Now, this may be the case in France, where people care for oratory, but it is certain that with us mere oratorical display produces little permanent impression, and it is not the Ministry who most display their eloquence, but the Opposition. It has often been remarked that office seems to rob men of the gift of eloquence, just as it often robs them of popularity, and for similar reasons; though in general, oratory is more apt to excite in us distrust than to win acceptance; and thus it happens that a studied plainness is much more characteristic of even our most popular speakers than brilliant rhetoric; and especially is this the case with Parliamentary leaders. Moreover, the advocate of silent irresponsibility forgets that the same responsibility which might make our statesmen seek to flatter their hearers, attaches to that very flattery; they are responsible for that also, and for what they say as well as for what they do. The fact is that whatever may be the case in France, the growth of responsibility has not in England tended to produce orators, but the reverse; and Pitt, Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, were far less responsible than our Ministers are now. And this is easily explained; for, as we have hinted above, when responsibility is extended, it clogs speech, and the hesitation which our critic attributes, perhaps justly, to an action is certainly exhibited in our oratory. Thus, so far from responsibility fostering pleasant speech, it has a direct tendency to destroy it. It would appear that this must be a natural result in all cases. When, indeed, as in France, the system of responsibility is incomplete, the opposite result seems at first produced; for there, the Ministers, being very imperfectly responsible, the Opposition is scarcely troubled by any feeling of the kind, and is therefore free to indulge without stint in rhetoric, in which the Ministry must not be behindhand. And as both parties were silent under a totally irresponsible system of Government, the "new sweet wine" of liberty is at first too strong for them, and a flood of brilliant oratory is the result. But with us the Opposition is scarcely less responsible than the Government, because they may always expect to be called upon within a short time to make good their promises. M. Thiers is very safe in denouncing nationalities and in enunciating his theory of many nations made for one, but if he were liable to be called upon to put in practice his recommendations he would doubtless modify his schemes very considerably. The great vehemence of the Opposition in France is proportioned to their want of influence, and therefore of responsibility.

In England the effect of responsibility is, in truth, to make ministers act, not merely talk, in harmony with the wishes of the people. Where the nation has not made up its mind, the action of Government will be hesitating; but the more perfect responsibility becomes, the more vigorous will be the action of Government upon all subjects upon which the country has formed a decided opinion. The benefit or mischief of such a result we do not here discuss; but it is certain that oratory—



unless Mr. Whalley's can be considered such—is not part of the result.

#### NEWSPAPER REPORTING AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

WE have already directed attention to that most important portion of Sir Colman O'Loughlen's Libel Bill, which exempts a newspaper proprietor from liability for reporting a speech spoken at a public meeting, and subjects the speaker to an action in his stead. The proposal is unquestionably a very important one. It would make a very vital change in the law regulating the right to bring actions for spoken and written slander. There are two parts of this proposal perfectly distinct, although perhaps, in one sense, dependent upon each other,—that which makes the speaker liable and that which exempts the newspaper. The law of England makes the widest distinction between spoken words injurious to character and written defamation. No matter how gross may be the abuse or how serious the imputation that is heaped upon any one in a conversation or speech, the law gives the injured party no redress unless the words impute some offence punishable by the criminal law of the land, assail a man in his business or profession, or bring with them some evil consequence directly following the speaking of the words. Many instances might be adduced which would make it very hard to justify this rule. A man may say of a wife that she has been notoriously unfaithful to her husband, without being answerable in law; if he said of her cook that she did not know how to dress a dinner, he is liable to an action. As far as the law is concerned, any ruffian may with impunity say of the purest and most virtuous young lady that she is unchaste. He can be punished in damages for saying that her brother knocked down a watchman at Oxford. Indeed, our first illustration supplies the strangest instance; for if the slanderer had fixed the scene of the young lady's transgressions east of Temple-bar, he would be liable to an action, because, as the old books rather quaintly tell us, the Puritan citizens of London established in old times a custom of personal chastisement for such departures from virtue. The law is as severe upon what is written as it is lenient as to what is spoken, and the comprehensive definition of libel includes every written sentence which is calculated to lower the Christian man in the estimation of his neighbours.

Thus it happens that a speech may be made at a public meeting which is grossly slanderous, for which the person slandered has no redress. But if a reporter be present and take notes, and the notes are printed in a newspaper, the very same words which—according to law—were innocent when spoken, lose that character by being reported, and an action lies for them; not however against the man who uttered, but against the newspaper which reports them. At first sight there seems something very anomalous in this. But often the anomaly may be in that distinction between spoken and written slander which it is not easy in every case to support. It is said that there is a deliberate malice in what is written which is not entitled to the indulgence which the law extends to the infirmity of temper under which men often use hasty words of passion. But this distinction is by no means universally true. Spoken words are often far more deliberate and malignant than any that are written. Men and women often write carelessly without thinking of the mischief they may do. Men and women often circulate an evil story with the settled purpose of blasting the reputation of the person of whom they tell it. If malignity and deliberation are the qualities which make slander a fit subject for an action, we ought to devise some better test of their presence than the inquiry whether the slander has been reduced into writing or not. There does seem reason in saying that a man who utters a slander at a meeting when he knows that what he says will be reported, is really answerable morally, and ought to be answerable legally, for its publication. But then it must not be forgotten that in adopting the rule proposed by Sir Colman O'Loughlen, we are applying to oral discussion at public meetings the restraints which have hitherto only existed in the case of written discussion. This is a very serious consideration, and one that ought to be carefully weighed before any such enactment becomes law. With regard to the second part of the proposal, which gives to a newspaper absolute immunity in publishing the report of any speech made at a public meeting, that is, any meeting lawfully assembled for a public purpose, still more serious consideration is requisite. There are cases in which it is impossible for a newspaper to withhold the fact of a public charge having been publicly made. We may instance debates in Parliament. There is no doubt in point of law that if any newspaper publishes a speech

delivered in either house of Parliament containing libellous reflections on an individual, the proprietor is liable to an action, and could not defend it by a plea that it appeared only in the regular course of reporting the Parliamentary debates. Every one feels that there is in this case an actual obligation on the newspaper faithfully to report what has occurred in Parliament. The omission to report such a charge would actually be thought a dishonest suppression of a public fact. But between this and the report of some obscure meeting of half a dozen persons lawfully assembled for some public purpose, every possible variety of cases may occur. There are many cases in which very odious slanders may be spoken at meetings that must be admitted to be public by persons utterly insignificant and contemptible. The spoken slander may be perfectly harmless, not extending beyond the walls of the pothouse in which it is uttered. Yet it may be of such a character as, when printed in a widely-circulating journal, to do irreparable mischief to the peace of a respectable family or to the reputation of a respectable individual. The meeting might be one of which no newspaper conductor would think of giving a full report, but of which he would publish the statement that such a meeting had been held. Let a slander be uttered at it against a person holding a high position before the public, and there is at once a temptation to pander to that public appetite for slander which unquestionably exists by publishing the speech. In this case, the newspaper is really the author of the slander for all practical purposes. Where are we to draw the line? It will not do, as Lord Campbell proposed, to give license to the publisher of all that is said at the meetings of public bodies and boards. Slanders have been uttered at such meetings open to all the objections we have pointed out, and not bearing any relation whatever to the public business of such bodies. There are many persons who would not like to read reports of all that occurs at meetings of the guardians of the poor. On the other hand, it is easy to conceive a charge made in a speech at an unauthorized public meeting by a man of eminence and station, the making of which would even be a part of the history of the time.

The truth is, that in judging of the propriety or impropriety of reporting observations injurious to character everything depends upon the circumstances. There are cases in which no right-minded man would think of lending the influence of his paper to give currency to an atrocious slander; there are other cases in which he would be actually violating his duty if he suppressed the fact that in a speech at a public meeting a heavy and serious imputation had been made. Would it not seem an obvious remedy to recognise by law that which we all recognise in fact—the duty of a journalist to keep the public fully and fairly informed upon all public matters as they pass—to protect him in every report which he gives in the full, honest, and careful discharge of that duty, leaving him still liable when he could not say that he had done that which reasonable men would think he ought to have done. There are some who say that this would not be to carry the law beyond its present limit, and that no publication is really a malicious libel which is made in the discharge of a duty which a man owes to the public, his neighbours. The difficulty in applying such a principle would be that our courts of law have not yet recognised the duty in any person to keep the public informed of what is said at public meetings. They have recognised the duty of giving fair reports of what passes in courts of justice. We are very much disposed to fear that the anomalies of the law of slander would only be made greater and more mischievous by transferring the responsibility of publishing a speech at a public meeting from the reporter to the speaker. It is, after all, a strong measure to give to every speaker at a public meeting the absolute power of licensing the publication of libels, and this is really what is proposed.

#### CLERICAL INFANTS.

WE are accustomed to see the plea of infancy brought forward when a University man appears in a Debtor's Court; the infancy, of course, being a legal phrase and descriptive of that period of life when the collegian is *in statu pupillari*. But while his Alma Mater thus regards him as an infant during the time that he is within her reach and charge, she would also appear to extend the signification, if not the plea, of infancy to that later period when her student has left her nursery and exchanged his college gown for clerical robes. For, even when a clergyman, he too often remains an infant, in that secondary sense of the word in which it is used by Cicero and other classical writers; inasmuch as he exhibits a



decided lack of eloquence, and an inability to speak articulately. His Alma Mater has, indeed, done her best to make him a "well-educated infant," like Armado's page, Moth; but she has apparently deemed it unnecessary to make any provision to qualify him for speaking in public, and rests satisfied that his elocutionary efforts should be limited to that merry prattle in which he has so freely indulged during the three years that she has dandled him in her arms, and tethered him to her apron-strings. There is a certain charm hovering over the babble of childish lips; so that a fond parent may almost feel a pang of sorrow when the various labials and gutturals are distinctly uttered, and the full force is given to each rolling R, or sinuous S. It must surely be from the promptings of some such feeling as this that Alma Mater—whether her name be Oxford or Cambridge—can lead her offspring to the very *ultima thule* of the land of learning, and can yet pass by, unnoticed, that important point of elocution, which, if her child be destined for the clerical profession—to say nothing of the Bar—will be not the least of those arts of which he should have been made master in deed no less than in name. If the pastor's communications with his flock could be made entirely by means of printing or writing, then the education that his Alma Mater has bestowed upon him will have been found to be eminently adapted for the desired end. But if his chief intercourse with his people is to be through the medium of his lips and by oral instruction, it will then be apparent that his nursing-mother has done nothing whatever in that particular towards duly preparing him to properly fulfil the duties of his important office. While she has given him *vivâ voce* examinations on various subjects, she has omitted to instruct or examine him as to his *vivâ voce* delivery; and, for all that she has done in this respect, he is nothing better than an infant—an inarticulate person from whom no distinct utterance is expected. Oratory is a Demosthenic accomplishment that is not reckoned among those ingenuous arts that are taught in our modern Universities; and, nowadays, an orator, like a poet, must be so born, and not made. At any rate, his Alma Mater would appear to think so; for, instead of schooling her parson to be an effective preacher and distinct reader, she dismisses him from her side no better, so far as her teaching is concerned, than a clerical infant.

We are led to make these observations, because the utter neglect in this particular that has so long marked the system of tuition pursued in our older universities, has very recently, received a curious illustration. In October last, a gentleman, who at present prefers to conceal his name, offered to found at Oxford and Cambridge two exhibitions of the annual value of forty pounds, for the sole purpose of encouraging "good reading" among those students who were destined to take holy orders. Now, gifts do not drop from the clouds so freely that we can afford to regard them superciliously, and refuse to pick them up when they fall; but, in the present instance, the gift of the two forty-pounder exhibitions was so far from being readily accepted by the University authorities, that they demanded time to consider whether or no they should take that which was proffered to them. They possibly regarded it as coming under the category of a *timeo-Danaos* gift; but any way, they have taken so long to make up their minds, that the Oxford authorities have not yet given their ultimatum; and it is only just now, that the Cambridge syndicate has arrived at the conclusion—"reluctantly," as they say, and evidently lingeringly—that they "cannot recommend the Senate to accept" the proffered gift. The only reason that they assign for this decision is the singularly insufficient one, that they "have been unable to devise a satisfactory scheme of examination." Hoyle tells whist-players that when they are in doubt they should play a trump—if they have got one to play; and the Cambridge syndicate has so far followed this advice, that, when they were in doubt, they threw away an honour. We presume, therefore, that the proffered exhibition of forty pounds annually is lost to Cantabs, certainly now, and, probably, henceforth and for ever. Perhaps the syndicate considered that reading, together with the other two R's, was beneath their attention, and should be reserved for the elementary instruction given in national schools. Yet it would have been better had they remembered that there is a national school of thought and culture that cannot tamely submit to the incompetent conduct of divine service by those who ought to have been specially trained to lead it in the congregation in a tongue that shall be "understanded of the people," and shall not be a dreary monotone, a dismal drawl, or an indistinct or pompous delivery, varied by false emphasis or provincial vulgarisms. The clergyman who was wont to read the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England with a monotonous whine, and who explained to his bishop that he did so because that tone was used by

beggars in supplicating alms, was very properly answered by his episcopal superior, that, although it was certainly true that beggars did so, yet, for that very whining, he knew them to be impostors, and therefore sent them empty away.

Swift complained of the clergy of his day that they neglected to study the English tongue, and ran on in a flat kind of phraseology without the least conception of style. And, indeed, the evil would seem to have been rife for the last two centuries. In the year 1695 the Bishop of Rochester delivered an important charge on the proper reading of the Liturgy, beseeching his clergy "to employ much serious pains in practising the public and private reading of all the offices, distinctly, gravely, affectionately, fervently; so as everywhere to give them all that vigour, life, and spirit whereof they are capable." He enlarges at great length on this subject, and says, "The truth is, whatever some may imagine to the contrary, such a complete and consummate faculty of reading the Common Prayer, is of so great difficulty, as well as use, that I am fully convinced it very well deserves to have some place among our constant studies; at least, in the first initiation into our ministry, if not throughout the whole course of it." The Cambridge syndicate might have studied this charge with great advantage; and also that charge given by the Bishop of London (Gibson, the editor of Camden's "Britannia") to his clergy in the year 1724, where, after saying that "the edification of the people, and the honour of the Liturgy itself, depend a great deal upon the reading it audibly, distinctly, and solemnly," and that "though our service is in a known tongue, it must be owned that as the reading it without being heard makes it to all intents and purposes an unknown tongue, so confused and indistinct reading, with every degree thereof, is a gradual approach to it." The Bishop proceeded thus to denote that plain duty which should have been discharged by the *Almæ Matres* of all clerical infants. "It is much to be wished that in the education of those who are designed for the ministry the right forming of the voice were made one special care from the very beginning, in our schools as well as universities." It was shortly after the delivery of this charge that the subject of the proper reading of the Liturgy was ably treated in some "Lectures on the Art of Reading," by Thomas Sheridan, the actor, elocutionist, and author of the "Pronouncing Dictionary," who was the son of the Dr. Sheridan, the friend and instructor of Swift, and the father of the illustrious Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Archbishop Whately, in his "Elements of Rhetoric," speaks in terms of great commendation of Sheridan's lectures, whose method of "pointing" has been adopted in the Rev. J. J. Halcombe's work on "Church Reading," published eight years since. Next after Sheridan came Garrick, whose "Manner of Reading the Common Prayer" is a work that should, on the whole, be used rather for warning than instruction. But of it and its successors our limits do not now permit us to speak. For the present, we content ourselves by saying that the existence of such works helps to show that attention has been called to this subject; and we trust that the continued expression and pressure of public opinion may tend to move our universities into action, and compel them to make such innovations on their established system as shall free posterity from the futile ministrations of Clerical Infants.

#### "NOT TO BE TAKEN."

At this season of sore throats, ear aches, rheumatisms, and neuralgia, it is not unlikely that a fair percentage of our readers are confined to the house by one of these unpleasant symptoms. It is also by no means improbable that among the remedies prescribed for their use on the authority of the family doctor, or by the empiricism of a dabbling friend, is a bottle of liniment. As that liniment is doubtless of a highly pungent and ammoniacal character, or contains proportions of opium or aconite calculated to disagree with the digestive organs, the cautious druggist will have sent it with certain preventives against its being swallowed. As there are some weak-minded personages who have an especial gift for rubbing cough mixture on their chests, and drinking two tablespoonfuls of embrocation, these precautions have come to be multiplied by the ingenuity of the present day. One of our readers may have had his liniment supplied to him in a bottle of fluted glass, the inequalities of which would appeal to the touch of the drowsiest fingers, or the phial may also bear the new patent safety-label—a strip of sandpaper encircling the bottle, which is warranted to set the teeth on edge, and to recall the most absent mind to itself. All these are very good in their way, and serve admirably to swell the profits of the dispenser and the glass-blower. But even if we are not supplied with such scientific safeguards, a careful Legislature insists on the affixing of a



ticket with the familiar words—"NOT TO BE TAKEN," in which old phrase we must either see a mutilated form of the more complete "Not to be taken internally," or we must suppose that by a medical, and therefore a non-natural, interpretation, "taken" signifies "swallowed" in opposition to "applied." Thus we might find a fair field for philological, or, at any rate, technological speculations. But philology and technology may be rather dull subjects for contemplation to one sitting with a flannel round his head, or his feet in hot water. Moralizing, however, is a notoriously cheerful pursuit, and eminently suitable to those cynical views of the world which catarrhal symptoms are wont to engender. Let us set up our liniment bottle, with its cautionary label, on the mantelpiece, before our eyes, and moralize upon it. The bottle might suggest to us the fragility of all human things; but it is to the label that we shall look for a little sermon.

NOT TO BE TAKEN!—sublime and simple words! almost rivalling in their world-wide application the sage's motto, "Know thyself." Unpretending, yet oracular label, upon how many things around us and about us oughtest thou to be pasted! This for a rhapsody! But more practical suggestions crowd into the invalid's mind. Is there not here some opening for an invention? All great discoveries are nothing more than the utilization of some extremely simple and well-known fact. And in this generation, as it is well proved, no great discoveries can be satisfactorily worked except through the organization of a company (limited). Here we have every essential for the profitable establishment of such a concern. A simple fact—a public demand—and all the other excuses which are supposed to justify the formation of the United Kingdom Tooth-pick Company (Limited) and other adventures, which have made so respectable an appearance on the Stock Exchange. But a company formed upon the philanthropic principles of promoting public morality, dispelling current illusions, and keeping people out of trouble, is a novelty. And yet, after a few minutes' contemplation of our little bottle, the thing did not seem wholly visionary. A rough draught of the new idea may run somewhat as follows:—"The Liniment Label Company (Limited.) The directors of this company desire to call the attention of the public to the immense advantage which is derived from the affixing of caution-labels on bottles of unwholesome liniment. Their inquiries have led them to believe that there are many other things besides liniment which are decidedly unwholesome, and which ought therefore NOT TO BE TAKEN. Accordingly, it would be an incalculable boon to the nation at large if this system of labelling were further extended; indeed, the directors see no practical limits to the development of this scheme, and to the consequent profits of the shareholders. This company therefore proposes, by means of an elaborate organization of agents, to affix a cautionary notice upon all things which are to be avoided, charging a moderate and fixed fee to those who are interested in the repudiation of the article. The company and its agents will be guided by the highest principle. Special contracts will be entered into for affixing these labels on a limited number of private individuals, which may succeed in imparting a tone of confidence to the matrimonial market; the risk of proceedings for libel to be borne in this case by the company." This might be a fragment from their prospectus, neither worse nor better than some score of other prospectuses which are forwarded by the penny post to old maids and the country clergy. It would be a very lively addition to give the name of the chairman and the list of directors, but not having ourselves made a special contract with the company for insurance against risk of libel, we must deny our readers that pleasure. But no doubt every one will be able to imagine such a board for himself, culled from public characters and private friends.

Let us leave this open, and go on a little further with our moralizing, or our dream, or whatever the fancy may be called. Suppose the company to have been for some time in working order; on how many things would the warning label now be pasted? As to the probable formation of rival companies (limited) who would establish a contradictory system of ticketing, and leave confusion as bad as or worse than before, it is impossible to speak. It is a question that the competition of rival billstickers would perhaps illustrate. At any rate, we may for the present hope that, as our directors are "guided by the highest principle," a large "NOT TO BE TAKEN" would have been found on several of the following articles.

On Mr. Disraeli's Resolutions, with, perhaps, an extra-sized label on the "fatal No. 5." The agent of the company could have had but little doubt how to act here; though the precaution seems almost superfluous, except for the sake of establishing a principle; for it was generally felt that the bad odour about them, the moment that the cork was only partially drawn, was

sufficient security against their being swallowed. A little suspicion may be felt whether Mr. Disraeli does not himself represent a bogus label-company, when both he and his chief deprecated the settling of the question by bringing it to a vote of want of confidence. In fact, the "sense of the House" had some sort of label upon it in his eyes. It was "not to be taken." We fear, however, that the label has been transferred by the public to Mr. Disraeli's views upon the franchise.

A very large label would have been reserved for a certain discounting-house of honoured name. What a benefactor our company would have been to small and large capitalists had it impressed its neat little ticket of "not to be taken" upon the very tempting shares of this bubble business. There was no such label at hand, and the mess was swallowed by too many, and disagreed with them all.

Another label for London, Chatham, and Dover securities; with every conceivable precaution, even down to the patent sandpaper. And here our company would have enough to do ticketing railway debentures in general, and not a few railway stocks, Spanish Passives, Venezuela loans, Greek coupons, Cambrian gold mines. If our directors had been at work some time ago, from how great ruin they would have saved the investors of this generation by their modest stamp of "not to be taken."

Indeed, the prospectus quoted above was quite right in saying that there were no practical limits to the business of the company. It would, indeed, be "nulla dies sine linea"—and that line our simple warning motto of four words. What should prevent its being temporarily affixed to colonial bishoprics till the question of the status of the colonial Church is decided, and the income of the diocesan secured, if, indeed, he can be called a diocesan at all? Perhaps there was a label pasted lately on the see of Calcutta, and for that reason so many of our clergy stoutly declared—"Nolo episcopari." Why should not a ticket, "not to be taken," be conspicuously displayed in houses to let, where a nine-inch brick wall is concealed by a mere film of stucco, and the cesspool is already full to the brim? It would save great searchings of heart. Why might not shareholders of the company have such a device stuck on their umbrella, and a special agent be retained to enforce the fact that it is "not to be taken." Anything that would infuse morality into the relation of mankind towards their neighbours' umbrellas would be the opening of a better dispensation. At present it may be said with sad earnestness concerning them—*La propriété c'est le vol*. Nor, again, would it be a thankless office to pin or paste a label over seats of any class in a railway train, when the agents of our company had discovered that the fellow-traveller of their shareholder was a caitiff who had the unfortunate tendencies of Müller; or, more dangerous still, an unprotected female with the habit of bringing shameful accusations against gentlemen, with all the effrontery of a Mrs. Allen, and perhaps greater success. There is, indeed, no end to it. The company might apply its system to the regulation of the personal conduct of its clients. There might be some way found of enforcing the fact that offence was "not to be taken," nor one-sided views of questions. The same label might be applied to every form of rash step; all those leaps in the dark which had certainly better not "be taken," especially when it is not known what the ground is like the other side. One may have the luck of Harlequin in the pantomime, or of the hero of the "sensation header," and be softly received in a blanket, but it is also at least equally possible to come down with the bump of a Homeric chieftain—

δοῦπησεν δὲ πῆσων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

Under which circumstances the chieftain never rose again. Thus, from moralizing over our liniment bottle, we have been led away into very distant regions; and after jesting lightly about our company, have ended in giving a bit of good advice. Most unfortunate result! Most bitter irony against ourselves! For by the "natural perversion of human nature," apart from the adventitious aid of any company, we fear that the biggest label of all belongs by sad fate to good advice. Good advice, indeed, is the typical liniment—it seems made NOT TO BE TAKEN.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE have more precise intelligence this week with reference to the negotiations between the Great Powers on the Eastern Question. Some time ago, France, on a pre-arranged understanding with Russia, recommended Turkey to surrender Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete, to Greece, with a guarantee by the protecting



Great Powers of the remainder of the Ottoman Empire. To this project both Austria and England were opposed, and the former pointed out that such a policy would be the commencement of a dismemberment of Turkey, which would impose on the Cabinet of Vienna the duty of guarding its own interests. The French Government, finding such to be the ideas of Austria and England, abandoned their first proposition, and suggested that the island of Crete alone should be ceded to Greece. Austria agreed to this, and it is said that England and Russia are likely to assent to the contemplated arrangement, and to join in recommending it to the Porte. Turkey would do well in accepting such a compromise. She would lose no territory of vital importance to her existence, and she would be better able to resist the storms which are evidently impending over her. For it cannot be doubted that her Greek, Roumanian, and Slavonic subjects are watching their opportunity for throwing off the yoke, and that Russia is eagerly anticipating the day when she will cease to be a European Power. A treaty of alliance is said to have been concluded between Serbia and Montenegro, having for its object the establishment of a great Servian kingdom, and the overthrow of Ottoman rule in Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. Austria, alarmed at these rumours, and fearing that her own interests might be imperilled by such a revolution, is said to have placed a corps of observation on the Bosnian frontier, though this has been denied. It is certain that the East of Europe is destined to become the seat of important events: let us hope that England has not compromised herself by any Quixotic "guarantees."

THE Cretan Patriotic Committee are so hopeful of a diplomatic solution of the question of their independence, that they have declined the services of Garibaldi's son, who had arrived at Athens with twenty-five companions. It is stated from Constantinople, however, that "further Turkish reinforcements are being sent to Crete, under the command of Hussein Pasha, who has received orders to strike a decisive blow at the insurgents." Turkey thinks she can negotiate better when the rebellion is put down.

WHEN France thought that, by the treaty of peace concluded at the termination of the war last summer, the southern advance of Prussia was limited by the line of the Maine, she was hugging herself in a mere delusion. It now comes out officially that, in the latter half of August, 1866, secret treaties of alliance, offensive and defensive, were concluded between Prussia and Bavaria, and between Prussia and Baden, by which the contracting Powers mutually guarantee the integrity of their respective territories with all the military forces at their disposal, and which furthermore give to the King of Prussia the supreme command of the Bavarian and Baden armies in time of war. The entire military system of Bavaria is to be re-organized in conformity with that of Prussia; and the semi-official *Provincial Correspondence* of Berlin is undoubtedly justified in saying that these treaties "afford the certainty that the line of the Maine is not a boundary dividing national unity, and that the national power is now more firmly established than ever." Whether "Germany and Europe will see in these facts a pledge for the preservation of peace," may be doubtful; and surely the official *Bavarian Gazette* is a little ironical when it says:—"Bavaria does not apprehend that the publication of this treaty could disturb the good relations existing with foreign Powers, and especially with France. This treaty is, on the contrary, but a necessary consequence of the principle of nationalities approved by the Emperor of the French, and a proof of the unity of the German Governments." Yes; but it destroys the only consolation of the French Government last summer—the belief that it had managed to limit German unity to the northern part of the great Teutonic territory.

COUNT BISMARCK is carrying it with a high hand in the North German Parliament. He tells the Polish members that the restoration of Poland is not to be thought of, and that it is only the nobility and clergy of Poland who carry on political agitation; and to those who protest against the incorporation of Northern Slesvig with the Confederation, he replies that only Austria has a right to require that a vote shall be taken in that province,—that the boundary line between Germany and Denmark will be drawn in conformity with the interests of Prussia,—that they (the Prussians) "don't intend to have to conquer Düppel afresh,"—that the portion of Slesvig to be ceded to Denmark will, in any case, "be smaller than people in Copenhagen imagine,"—and that the completion of the North-German Confederation cannot await the settlement of this question. In short, Bismarck is still completely master of the

situation; and the members of the North German Parliament are voting the Constitution much as he desires it.

HOLLAND is in a very martial mood just now, consequent on the recent statements with regard to the supposed designs of Prussia on that country. Those designs have, indeed, been officially denied at Berlin; but the Dutch, recollecting the frequent disavowals of the Prussian Government of any wish to aggrandise themselves by the absorption of Slesvig-Holstein, which nevertheless now forms a part of the Prussian monarchy, think they cannot be too well prepared against possible eventualities. The young men are therefore enrolling themselves as volunteers; large subscriptions are being made for providing these patriotic citizens with rifles and uniforms; and meetings are held with a view to encouraging the military sentiment of the hour. It is, of course, very right that every nation should take due care to guard its own independence, and we have no wish to see the Hollanders placing a blind faith in the asseverations of Prussia; but it is to be hoped that they will not allow their soldierly enthusiasm to betray them into military extravagance, or to cause them to forget the liberal policy by which their country has, of late years, been distinguished. The Ministers of War and the Marine are asking for what is generally regarded as an excessive increase of expenditure on the army and navy; and the bigots, taking advantage of the absorption of the public mind, are seeking to upset the principle of secular education established in 1857. Our own martial fervour of seven or eight years ago, arising out of a ridiculous fear of France, caused a temporary forgetfulness of all the functions of Liberal Government, and a reckless expenditure which is now universally acknowledged to have been mere waste.

Now that we have the returns of the Italian elections, it appears pretty certain that the Government have a large working majority, and with this powerful weapon in their hands they ought to be able to carry out a vigorous, an independent, and a successful policy. There are rumours that Rattazzi is to join the Ministry, and interviews have in fact taken place between him and Baron Ricasoli. Rattazzi is one of the most capable statesmen in Italy, and it would be a pity if his services were any longer to be lost to his country. He was a Minister under Cavour, and was Premier in 1862, at the time of Garibaldi's ill-judged attempt on Rome. In consequence of the Aspromonte affair, however, he became (whether justly or unjustly) so unpopular that he was obliged to resign, and he has remained in obscurity ever since. The elections have now brought him to the front again, and at Alessandria he made a speech to the electors which is one of the clearest and best expositions of Italian policy recently put forth. He pronounces emphatically in favour of keeping faith with the public creditor, and against fresh loans; and he would effect a substantial decrease of expenditure by the reduction of armaments, by a less costly system of tax-collection, and by a very large diminution of the number of Government functionaries. The Church property must be turned to account, and economy in all things must lead gradually to the extinction of deficits. The late Church Bill he does not regard with favour, and he says he will not admit the principle of the liberty of the Church, if the Church does not at the same time admit the liberty of the State. This address has attracted much attention; it has been printed and circulated, and it is generally felt that Rattazzi cannot much longer remain in the background.

GARIBALDI has just appeared in a new rôle at Verona. A patriotic tailor being anxious that his last-born should be named by the General, had kept the child nine months unbaptized for that purpose. At last, Garibaldi's arrival presented the wished-for opportunity, and the child was brought to him in the refreshment-room of the railway-station, with a request that he would give it a name. The General took it in his arms, kissed it, placed his hands upon its head, and then pronounced over it the following baptismal formula, which, if not very orthodox, was at least dramatic:—"I baptize thee in the name of God, and bless thee in the name of Christ, Lawgiver to humanity. May you grow up virtuous, enemy of hypocrites, be they called priests or Jesuits. May you be free from all prejudices, be prodigal of your blood when your country requires it, grow up strong and healthy, always ready to fight against the oppressors and foreign invaders. I salute you with affection, my child!" Poor Garibaldi. He is not the first hero whom success and vanity have led into absurdity.



POOR Emile de Girardin can't get himself made a martyr, try how he will! It is very sad, and it is not for want of laborious painstaking; but a too-kindly fate is against him. He announces, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* (who has been rather inclined to sympathize with him in his folly), "that, after mature reflection, he has resolved not to go on with his appeal, for three reasons. First, that, after the presentation of the new law abolishing the punishment of imprisonment for press misdemeanors, it would be morally impossible for the public prosecutor to appeal *à minima*, and, therefore, *there is no peril to be braved*. Second, that, inasmuch as he stands condemned to the maximum of the fine by the existing law, it would be undignified and trivial to attempt to get it reduced." This is very pitiable. Were there ever such heroics, with such a prudent regard to consequences? But this "announcement" only makes still clearer what, indeed, was sufficiently obvious before—that M. Emile de Girardin acted, not for conscience' sake, but for vanity's sake. No doubt, the institutions of France require further amelioration in a liberal sense; but it is not men of the stuff of M. Emile de Girardin who can do them either an injury or a service.

LOUIS KOSSUTH has written a very sensible letter to one of his friends at Pesth, in which he admits that the Austrian Government has acted well in its recent concessions to Hungary, but adds that he cannot and ought not to accept an amnesty, and that he is therefore resolved to die in a foreign land. This is of course a question which every one so circumstanced must decide for himself, and we can quite understand Kossuth's reluctance to accept any personal favours from the man whom he fought with such heroic pertinacity; but we believe he would not have lost caste with any sensible politician if he had returned in his old age to the land of his birth, now restored to its national life. The conclusion of Kossuth's letter is very touching:—"Of what further use could I be? The bitter years of exile have broken my strength."

THE elections to the Spanish Cortes have been uncontested, the nation, apparently, being in a stupor; and the Ministerial candidates have consequently been elected everywhere. Feeling secure for the moment, the Government have raised the decree of exile issued against the deputies who signed the protest of last December.

UTTERLY foiled in all their endeavours to resist the will of the North, the Southern States of America are now bethinking them whether they had not better submit at once, and so save the imposition of still severer terms. The Governor of Louisiana has declared the Military Government law to be in operation in that State, and Virginia has resolved to call a Convention, in accordance with the terms of the Act, to frame a Constitution, and to ask for readmission under it to the Federal Congress. In the municipal elections of the latter State, also, the negroes voted, and the authorities received their votes, though separately, and coupled by a refusal to count them—their right to do which will be disputed by the negroes in the courts. The ex-Governor of Georgia, Mr. Brown, counsels submission; for, says he, "we are prostrate and powerless. The conquerors dictate their own terms, which are heightened in severity by the delay of the conquered to accept them." This is unquestionably an exact statement of the case. The past is wholly past. Slavery is dead; the political equality of the white and black races is a fact; the doctrine of State sovereignty is at an end; Congress is supreme; and the South has really no choice but to accept the new order of things, and make the best of it.

THE *Times*, in a leading article upon Reform this week, appealed to the history and results of the American civil war as confirmatory of its views upon Reform. This is, perhaps, the most astounding piece of impudence that has ever appeared in that journal. It must fancy that its readers have short memories. For four years—during the whole course of the war—the *Times* persistently abused the North, and not only denounced the imbecility of its leaders, but continually repeated the assertion—we use its own words—"that the South and North could no more be reunited, than the Heptarchy restored in England." Now, however, it turns round, and appeals to the success of the North as a reason for the extension of the franchise. This is much the same as if the *Times* should say—"Did I not tell you for four years that white was black? therefore you will believe me now that brown is green."

THE criticism of the "wild man" has not been without its effect upon Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Goldwin Smith showed the absurdity of a £30 franchise in the savings banks, and a £50 in the funds. Mr. Disraeli, in his third Bill—as we suppose his new failure must be called—has now assimilated the sum to £50 in both cases. Further, Mr. Goldwin Smith showed that the three Fancy Franchises were utterly absurd. Mr. Disraeli now seems to share the same opinion. In his speech on Monday night he candidly told the House that he did not consider them of "vast importance." Which of the two is the "wild man"?

MR. COX, the Recorder for Helston, ought to be a proud and happy man. If we rightly remember, about this time last year he addressed a pamphlet on Reform to Lord Derby, the leading feature of which was household suffrage, qualified by a two years' residence, and still further made useless by various checks or counterchecks, all of which are, more or less, in spirit, though not in substance, embodied in Mr. Disraeli's new Bill.

ST. PATRICK'S-day passed off quietly in Ireland, and the Fenians made no sign. We are, however, far from thinking that the danger is yet over. The "flying columns" have possibly done less than the weather. Douglas Jerrold once said that a shower of rain would wash the "Greece" out of Byron, and snow may affect patriotism, as Dr. Chapman would have us believe ice affects the cholera. The *Times*' account of the jaunting car excursions of the military, and some sensible communications from the special correspondent of the *Star* are the best specimens of the literature of the movement. The "specials" are driven to their wits' ends for matter, and one gentleman records his search after a pair of Limerick gloves, and then manages to come to the Fenian point with an ingenuity which does him considerable credit. We have seen an Irish journal teeming with petitions for martial law, the editor leading off, and his congenial subscribers backing his plea for drumhead trials with letters bearing scraps of the Bible in support of their kindly and Christian dispositions. If there is anything worse than a Fenian, it is a rampant bigot with Scripture in his mouth, and fear and hatred for his brethren in what he has of mind; and when we have rid Ireland of the first, we must proceed to treat the second with a studied disregard, or a plentiful shower of ridicule. The bigot is as dangerous an enemy to English rule as the professed Whiteboy. He assumes to represent the opinion of this country, and he in fact but caricatures and intensifies in a grotesque degree a policy and a penal administration of which we have long ago confessed ourselves heartily ashamed.

THE mid-day sitting of the House of Commons on Wednesday was occupied by a discussion on Church-rates, for which there were three Bills upon the paper. The first, for Total Abolition of the rate, passed its second reading by 263 votes against 187. The second, a Commutation Bill, proposed by Mr. Newdegate, was thrown out by 177 to 45. Mr. Hubbard's Bill, the Church-rates Regulation Bill, was postponed till next Wednesday. Mr. Walpole, on the part of the Government, said, as strongly as language could express it, that they were anxious to consider any means of exemption for those who desire it, but could not consent abruptly to do away with that charge on property merely because a sentimental objection may be urged against its continuance. It is difficult to see how the House can now consent to a compromise after committing itself to total abolition by the large majority of seventy-six.

MR. LEATHAM has explained to the House of Commons that it was only upon one-half of a letter he had written to his brother-in-law that he was convicted at York for bribery at the Wakefield election in 1859. Had the other half of the letter been produced, the result, he maintains, would have been different. But his brother-in-law had lost it. Mr. Leatham read a copy of it to the House; and from that copy it appears that the sum of £1,000, which he requested his brother-in-law to send him for the purposes of his election, was meant only for its legitimate purposes.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has announced the determination of the Government not to give effect in the Mutiny Bill to the vote of the House on Friday week against flogging in the army. Government, he said, could not consider a majority of one in a House of 215 members as a deliberate expression of the opinion of the House of Commons. The usual clause giving the power of flogging in



certain cases will be inserted in the Mutiny Bill, leaving it to the hon. member for Chatham, and those who supported his motion on this subject, to move that it be omitted.

LORD REDESDALE'S Railway Traffic Protection Bill, which proposed that the ordinary rights of creditors should for a time be suspended in order that the public might not be put to the inconvenience of finding the traffic on some line or other suddenly brought to a stop, has been withdrawn. As part of the public, we can estimate the misfortune of being deprived of communication by railway; but the creditors who have lent money or supplied goods to our railways have decidedly a prior right to be considered, and, as the ordinary cause of law and justice is already on their side, a very strong case would have to be made out for a suspension of the creditors' powers. No such case has been made out, nor do we believe it possible to furnish one.

LEAVE has been given for the introduction of a Bill for the better regulation of public-houses, refreshment-houses, and beer-houses, some of the more prominent objects of which are the establishment of uniformity of license, power of the justices alone to grant them, and a diminution of the Excise duty in cases where the house is closed on Sundays. The Bill has been framed by a joint committee of the magistrates and corporation of Liverpool, and will, at all events, lead to the discussion of a subject which, it is confessed, is at present in an unsatisfactory condition. Mr. Walpole, while assenting to the introduction of the Bill, stated that he had made up his mind as to the sort of general measure which ought to be brought in, but could not undertake to legislate upon the subject till he had consulted his colleagues, and had looked into the state of public business.

MR. SHERIDAN'S ill-timed attempt to pledge the House to a further reduction of the Fire Insurance Duty has come to grief, Mr. Gladstone as well as Mr. Disraeli making the objection that it would fetter the discretion of the House before the Financial Statement was made. On a division, the previous question was carried by 215 to 156.

THE Children's Employment Commissioners have made their report upon the Agricultural Gang system, and their statements fully bear out all that has been said with regard to the grossly debasing and demoralizing results of the system. Some of the testimonies borne by witnesses whom the Commissioners examined are very striking. They establish without doubt the shocking immorality of young boys and girls, not to be matched even in the factory districts. Side by side with their immorality stands their ignorance. Few could tell the name of the county in which they lived, still fewer that of the Queen who reigns over them, and boys from fourteen to twenty had never heard of the existence of God or their Saviour. The evil is so great that the Legislature must interfere.

A MEETING was held at Willis's rooms on Tuesday, to promote the continued exemption from rating of schools and charitable institutions generally. Lord Shaftesbury, who presided, stated that many of the ragged schools and refuges of the metropolis were subsisting on a minimum of funds, and, if taxed, would be inevitably destroyed. The British Orphan Asylum pays £300 a year to poor-rates, a tax which, if capitalized, would represent £10,000—enough to rescue "in perpetuity," twelve poor children from crime and destitution. Resolutions in furtherance of the object of the meeting were carried unanimously. It is high time that charitable institutions should receive from Parliament the same exemption from the poor and local rates which is enjoyed by literary and scientific institutions. The latter cannot plead that they already contribute to the support of the poor, without being rated. The former can.

THE claims to the Cumberland Peerage seem to have taken a new form, and to have quietly subsided into a profitable stall at the Crystal Palace. At least such is the fact which the lady who claims to be Princess of Cumberland mourns. On Thursday last, the Magistrate of the Lambeth Police Court was informed that a person calling himself the son of the would-be-called Duchess of Cumberland, keeps one of the stalls at Sydenham, and by representing himself as heir to the title, gets a great deal more money for his goods than they are worth. This, the Duchess contended, was obtaining money under false pretences, and, as a benevolent custodian of public morals, she applied for a warrant

to apprehend the offender. It is almost unnecessary to say that the magistrate rejected the application.

LENT makes itself felt by theatrical managers. The play-houses are very poorly attended, but we have not heard that the churches are much fuller. We do not mean any disrespect when we say this, but the clergy should use the opportunity which the season gives them more vigorously. This abstinence from a harmless mode of pleasure shows an inclination to penance which might easily be tempted a little further—say to the extent of going to hear evening sermons by the ordinary preachers.

MR. J. S. MILL again put in a word for his pet scheme of lady voters in the House this week. The *Daily Telegraph* entertains such a respect for Mr. Mill (the chaste and simple style of the *Telegraph* is evidently based on this predilection) that it refuses to be funny at his expense. We trust Mr. Mill appreciates this compliment, but it will be difficult for him to do so if he reads through the "serious" article in which all facetiousness is so carefully deprecated.

WE hear of Mormons in London. They have pitched their tents in the pastoral region of Kennington, and have already endeavoured to make up subscriptions for emigrating to Utah. They should have a ship placed at their disposal immediately.

WE have heard that there is an intention at the Reform Club of making a stand against the indiscriminate black-balling of candidates. Some of the late rejections are considered both unjust and unreasonable.

#### OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE Vice-Chancellor has appointed Mr. Ruskin the Rede lecturer for next term, the two last lecturers having been Sir William Thompson and Professor Tyndall. If the new lecturer will only keep off political economy and labourers' wages, he will be sure to gratify his audience, and it is time now that the Rede lecture should be on some literary subject for a change. Eight annual lectures have been delivered since the change in the constitution of this foundation; and, with the exception of the year 1861, when Professor Willis treated of the social and architectural history of Trinity College, all have been purely scientific, as may be gathered from the names of the lecturers, Owen, Phillips, Sabine, Ansted, Airy, Tyndall, and Thompson. The modern Rede lecturer appears to be constructed out of somewhat heterogeneous materials, to wit, the four Barnaby lecturers of ante-commission times, so called because they were chosen on St. Barnabas' day. One of these, the mathematical, was founded in very early times by the University; the other three, in philosophy, rhetoric, and logic, by Sir Robert Rede, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Henry VIII.'s time.

The various schemes for legislation, which we have been expecting for some time with some impatience, do not appear. The Syndicate has not yet reported, for instance, on the possibility of better arranging the places in St. Mary's Church, though some well-informed persons believe that the report is being anticipated by the disappearance of the occupants of sundry prominent places. It will be well to have all this arranged before Archbishop Trench comes on with his course of sermons, as he is pretty sure to collect a sufficient crowd to cause another dead-lock, and angry members of the Senate would then become more angry still. The changes which threaten the Classical Tripos have not assumed any definite form as yet, so far as the public is aware. The University has been flooded with fly-sheets on the subject, and one thing at least is evident on all sides, namely, that some change or other must be made, and we are now waiting for the proposal of the Syndicate. Probably the present most unsatisfactory history paper will be civilized, and a knowledge of the subject-matter of philosophical writers will be required, as well as a scholarly acquaintance with the peculiarities and beauties of their style. Fly-sheets are usually of the most grave and temperate description, save when such an affair as the proposed American lectureship gives an opening for those who are so disposed to become personal and vituperative, or when an over-worked official, green with jealousy as he sees his own department neglected and snubbed, while some other department, to him an abomination, is cockered and fed, launches forth an attack upon obliquity of conscience in high places. One



gentleman of a facetious turn of mind, has enlivened the Classical Tripos discussion by a fly-sheet, containing rather more than the usual amount of light-literature style, and a few examples of his manner might be amusing. It does not seem, however, to have amused one of his predecessors, no less distinguished a writer than Mr. J. R. Seely, upon whom chiefly he waxed merry, and who, accordingly, in a very good reply to his antagonist's arguments, announces that he is somewhat hurt at the tone in which they were issued. The question between Mr. Seely and his opponent is the very important question of "usefulness in after life" as a test of the comparative advisability of this or that subject for University examination. Mr. Seely takes strongly the side of usefulness if it can be got, of things rather than words, of philosophy rather than philology. Thus, for a theologian, to have considered large questions concerning the nature of the Deity and of the moral principle will be more valuable than acute philological inquiries into the relations of Greek with Sanskrit. For the lawyer, bewildered with the disconnected details which make up English law, broad considerations of principles, and philosophical investigations of systems, cannot but be useful as compared with ever so careful an anatomy of the Latin tongue. And so again for schoolmasters. "Plato's Republic," Rousseau said, "is the best treatise on education that ever was written," and a philosophical study of what it is best to teach and how it may be best taught, is calculated to be more useful to the embryo schoolmaster than an undeviating education in philology. Mr. Seely's idea is that the redeeming feature of the Tripos examination now is that it does to some degree mix things with words, and the hopeful thing about it is that the proportion of things to words may be before long materially increased. This is what the great battle will eventually turn upon, whether pure scholarship or philosophy is to receive additional encouragement in our main classical examination.

We have now once more a librarian, one after our own heart, it is to be hoped. Unfortunately, the library seems to be always in opposition, for its claims are so great, and its wants so large, that it has to make itself heard, even though it be sometimes inopportune. No doubt the payments of the officials, from the head librarian down to the boy that runs errands, are made on a scale sadly unlike that which prevails in most libraries, where a man's work is recognised for the most part as being of a higher character than in many other walks in life. Equally without doubt, there is work to be done in the way of binding, and repairing, and restoring, which might exhaust a very liberal purse. But if a University has the misfortune to be poor, it cannot act with the open-handed liberality of richer bodies, and the only wonder is how, with calls of this kind pressing for early attention, we can afford new professorships *ad libitum*. An amusing account has been issued lately to members of the Senate, by the retiring librarian, of the work he has done and tried to do, and the state in which the library now is. As an example of the light in which the library is regarded by the families of members of the Senate, the following note may be given:—"Mrs. —'s compliments. She returns the novel, and will be glad of another; also of a book for the child." To Oxford men, unable to take books away to their rooms from the library, such a state of things is of course altogether inconceivable, and probably Cambridge men have been equally ignorant of the fact that such things can be. The late librarian has done what he could to keep order in the various rooms, by enforcing the rules against persons other than members of the University straying about the library. It is said that as recently as two years ago, if it was known that "Papa was going to the library," a child or two would be sent with him to run about and look at pictures, Papa meanwhile being ensconced in some quiet corner innocent of all his little charges might be doing, who were thus conveniently taken off the hands of their mother or the nurse at home. The assistant librarians seem to be not only very poorly paid, but also treated with scant courtesy at times. A foreign gentleman, who had for some time been doing an amount of work such as only the German character with its power of working fourteen hours a day can do, observed to the librarian, "It is a pleasure to me to do the work, but in my country assistants in public libraries are regarded as gentlemen; it is amazing how they are slighted here." Some Masters of Arts had mistaken him for their private servant. In these and many other ways the library may hope for better days to come.

The announcement that the inter-University athletic sports will not be allowed to take place in Cambridge, has not excited much annoyance. It will be, on the whole, better that the men betake themselves to London for this as for their other competitions. The disturbances which took place during the

return from Oxford last year were of a nature to make it impossible to go on any longer on the old plan, and as it is a question of men, not boys, a field remote from either University is the wisest scene for fighting out the athletic contests. It is a very different matter from the public school cricket matches, which the various head masters are right in endeavouring to keep in their own hands as much as possible. One great advantage of the plan now inaugurated is that it throws the contest into the vacation. Anything that rescues even one day from the insatiable maw of the Olympic deity is a boon to the University. If College tutors would do a really good thing, they would make a determination not to allow any college sports to commence before two in the afternoon. At present, day after day Fenner's ground opens at one o'clock, for some exciting event, and long before that time work is knocked off, and men prepare for the considerable walk that intervenes between Trinity, for instance, or St. John's, and the athletic ground. Commencing at one certainly means giving up work at twelve, whereas, if two were the earliest hour allowed, there would be no excuse for cutting the morning's work so very prematurely short. While colleges are putting their dinner-time later and later, in order that the men may have long afternoons for finishing their various encounters, the business of sport itself begins earlier and earlier. Thus the candle is burned at both ends; the morning has its second half filched away, the evening loses an hour of its earlier part from the encroachments of dinner. Professors and private tutors and lecturers are all beginning to find that they hear rather too much of the mile, and the hundred yards, and the hurdles, and it seems not improbable that University legislation may be brought to bear upon the excessive license of running and jumping to the detriment of more serious studies. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that if we are overwhelmed by too much athletics, we are at least likely not to add disgrace to the weight that oppresses us. We have got a boat that ought to win on the 13th in very good style; and we have running champions and jumping that should, equally without doubt, carry off for our colours the choicest prizes of the athletic contest on the 12th.

## FINE ARTS.

### MUSIC.

THE Royal Italian Opera will this season, as usual, be the first of our two great lyric establishments to open its doors—Mr. Gye having some days since announced the 2nd of April as the date of that event, his programme of the prospective arrangements having been issued on Saturday last. From this we learn that, although that excellent artist, M. Faure, will not return this season, most of the other names so well known in association with this establishment are again to be identified with it, while several new candidates for London approval will appear. Again will our public be so fortunate as to hear those exceptional singers, Mdles. Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca, besides those excellent artists, Mdles. Fricci and Liebhart, Mesdames Maria Vilda and Lemmens-Sherrington—the new appearances announced in the list of ladies being those of Mdles. Akermann and Leonora Nau. Signori Mario, Naudin, and Fancelli, with a new tenor, Signor Marino, will appear—while the list of Baritones and basses includes, besides the well-known names of Signori Ronconi, Graziani, Atti, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Polonini, &c., those new to this country, of M. Petit, and Signori Cotogni, Guadagnini, and Bagagiolo. We are glad to find no mention made of Donizetti's ponderous "Don Sebastian," announced but not produced last season. In lieu of this, however, we are promised two positive novelties in Verdi's "Don Carlos" and Gounod's forthcoming "Romeo et Juliette," both secured exclusively for the Royal Italian Opera. The production of Verdi's new work was so recent (last week), and it is so difficult to form any decisive judgment from early Parisian criticism, that it is impossible to predict what position "Don Carlos" may ultimately hold. It is pretty sure, however, to possess a large attraction for the numbers who delight in the composer's previous works. The subject of Gounod's new opera has doubtless incited the composer of "Faust" to put forth his best powers in illustration of a poet whose name should act as a stronger talisman than even that of Goethe. Both operas offer large opportunities for those grand stage effects, for the production of which the Royal Italian Opera has long been unrivalled, and in which the consummate skill of the stage-manager, Mr. A. Harris, will again be exercised. Of the excellence of the musical execution of the new works there can be little doubt with the superintendence of such a director and conductor as Mr. Costa; and the appropriation of the principal characters to Mdle. Adelina Patti and Signor Mario in Gounod's opera, and to Mdle. Pauline Lucca, Signor Naudin, and M. Petit in Verdi's work. In the ballet department two new dancers, Mdles. Marina Mora and Amalio Zucchi, are to appear.

At the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last, Herr Joachim gave one of the most splendid readings of Beethoven's Concerto



that we have ever heard even from that great violinist. An important element in the general effect was doubtless the admirable performance of the orchestral accompaniments—so special a feature in a work which rises far beyond the character of a piece for individual display, and takes the rank of a grandly-conceived and amply-developed symphony. Notwithstanding the many elaborations and the brilliant executive passages for the solo instrument, Beethoven's Violin Concerto (his single work of that kind) displays the same inventive genius and freshness of idea, with the elevation of style and coherence of treatment, that distinguish his several pianoforte concertos. In realizing the combination of majesty and beauty in the first movement of the work referred to, the religious fervour and pathos of the *largo*, and the refined although freakish vivacity of the finale, Herr Joachim displayed his mechanical excellence, together with that deep devotion to the interpretation of the spirit of the composition rather than self-assertion, which is rarely found in players—still less in singers—who possess unbounded powers of execution. Very interesting, too, was the repetition of Schubert's exquisite incidental music to the drama of "Rosamunde," noticed by us at its first production in November, and given again on Saturday, with the addition of a charming piece of ballet music then unobtainable. These excellent concerts have proved, as it was inevitable they should, so attractive that a new feature has been added to the Crystal Palace arrangements in the establishment of a series of Wednesday concerts, at which some of the lighter orchestral pieces will be given, and young solo players and singers enabled to find a hearing.

Last Monday's Popular Concert was devoted to the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, who repeated, on this occasion, her extraordinary performance of Beethoven's Titanic solo pianoforte Sonata, Op. 106, her playing of which some fourteen years since was one of the most remarkable musical events of the period. This work, in addition to its enormous length and the strain of nerve involved in its practical realization, contains an array of the most complex mechanical difficulties ever put on paper. It would seem as if Beethoven had written it as a grand abstraction rather than with a notion of its being practicable by any pair of human hands, as we believe to have been the case with those extraordinary pieces by Bach, for an unaccompanied violin, which we strongly believe their composer never heard otherwise than ideally; but which, in our own day, the extraordinary powers of Herr Joachim, enable us to hear in all possible perfection of execution and design. Quite as extraordinary was the performance of Beethoven's great pianoforte Sonata on Monday night, when Madame Goddard gave it with such fluency, power, elasticity, and precision, that none but those possessing some practical knowledge of pianoforte playing, and acquainted with the work performed, could estimate the almost impossibility of the feat accomplished. The culminating difficulties are found in the final movement, with its labyrinthine passages of fugal writing; subject and counter subject, direct and inverted, with capricious episodes and fanciful divergencies, with a shower of shakes occasionally thrown in, in a way apparently requiring an extra finger in each hand for their realization; all these points were brought out with a distinctness and clearness of rhythm that constituted a performance of most remarkable and exceptional merit, sustained to the end of a piece of three times the usual length with unabated energy and interest. The Sonata itself we hold to be a consistent link in the long chain of works produced by the greatest of all composers, whose genius, always sublime in its tendencies, was constantly expanding and developing with a yearning towards the infinite.

The Musical Society of London gave the first of its yearly series of four grand orchestral concerts on Wednesday last, with the following programme:—

PART I.	
Cantata, "The First Walpurgis Night" .....	Mendelssohn.
Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Madame Schumann .....	Mozart.
PART II.	
Symphony in E flat, Letter T .....	Haydn.
"Gipsy Life," Chorus .....	Schumann.
Chorale Fantasia, Pianoforte, Madame Schumann .....	Beethoven.
Overture ("Maritana") .....	Wallace.

Some changes recently made in the rules and regulations of this society in the relaxation of certain arbitrary restrictions, and the ready admission of subscribers without the preliminary trouble and hindrance of nomination, together with the discontinuance of the former expensive and unproductive orchestral trials of new compositions, have placed the institution on a basis more likely to lead to that permanent success which the excellence of its concerts has heretofore deserved, but which its over-elaborate management was rather calculated to hinder. Its orchestra, mainly composed of members of the Royal Italian Opera band conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon, has always been, and still is, of first-rate excellence; and its past performances of some of the greatest symphonies and overtures have been characterized by a splendour of effect and precision that we scarcely hear elsewhere, excepting at the admirable Crystal Palace concerts. The programme of Wednesday's concert was rich in substantial works, without that admixture of small vocal puerilities by which many so-called classical concerts are debased. The "Walpurgis Night" music is one of those vivid creations of dramatic musical genius which never weary, however often repeated. The richly elaborate and picturesque orchestral effects were of course heard to great advantage from the splendid band of the Musical Society; and

the choral writing derived importance from the large number of voices assembled, wanting, however, a little more subduing in the piano passages. The tenor solos suffered much from the utter want of earnestness, elevation, or dramatic feeling in Mr. Leigh Wilson, who is deficient in either the requisite study or the natural capacity for music of such high order. The baritone solos were carefully but coldly given by Mr. Lewis Thomas, whose voice is too decidedly of the bass range to be at ease in some of the higher passages. The one contralto solo was correctly but rather coldly given by Miss Julia Elton. Haydn's genial and bright symphony was capitally played; and Madame Schumann's two performances of music so different—the exquisite grace and symmetrical beauty of Mozart, and the vast grandeur of Beethoven—displayed this artist's admirable appreciation of individual style. Schumann's quaint and characteristic little chorus, given with orchestral instead of (as originally written) with pianoforte accompaniment, was so well liked as to meet with an encore. The concluding overture served as well as a better to play out an audience whose attention had been quite sufficiently occupied with the great works previously performed.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS'S "Lost in London," which was announced as "in preparation" at the Adelphi Theatre long before Mr. Boucicault made his appearance with the "Colleen Bawn" or Miss Bateman and Mr. Jefferson were heard of, has been at last produced with wonderful scenic effects for the Adelphi, and turns out to be an average domestic drama, with a simple, dismal story, and rather more than enough of conventional comic padding. Like Mr. T. W. Robertson's "Shadow Tree Shaft," it has a great mining scene, but the mining has as little to do with the real business of one drama as with the other. The mine in "Lost in London" is put upon the stage with great attention to details,—there is a practical shaft, lighted very inartistically with gas, up and down which miners ascend and descend, but the only use made of this scene in the play is to allow it to be the place in which a woman tells one of the men that his young wife has run away with a coal-owner. After the first act, we leave Lancashire and all the features of mining life behind us, and finish with two conventional acts—one showing the repentant wife living in splendour and the other showing her death in a hovel. This is the whole of the story, which is worked out chiefly by four characters. The clearness and simplicity of the plot, the literary merit of the dialogue, the power thrown into the principal character—the middle-aged miner who loses his wife—are worthy of praise, but a cockney tiger, a conventional footman, and the number of "carpenter's scenes," including songs inflicted on the audience for the sake of two or three set pictures, are points for condemnation. The common people of the play—the miner, his wife, and a female friend of both—are represented with great delicacy of feeling that is very untrue to nature, but this is a fault that is found in more distinguished writers than Mr. Phillips. Mr. Henry Neville from the Olympic has been engaged to represent the injured husband in the place of Mr. Webster, who has not recovered from his illness, and he performs with well-disciplined force. Miss Neilson is not equal to the part of the erring wife, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon is too violent as the good-hearted, plain-spoken female friend—a character that has been written for her a little too often. Mr. Toole has often been better suited than in the part of the cockney tiger, and all the amusement he excites is produced by sheer hard work. The coal-owner is a conventional villain, and the rest of the characters are nonentities. The drama was successful.

A new comedy is in rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, which will be called "The Scamp." It is adapted by Mr. Boucicault from an American play by Mr. J. Lester Wallack, called "Ros-dale." It is more a drama than a comedy, and will include nearly the whole of the Haymarket company.

#### SCIENCE.

THE attention of the Paris world has been momentarily concentrated upon the assassin Lemaire. Not even a French jury could find the extenuating circumstances often so strangely discovered to attend the most atrocious murders on the other side of the Channel, and so this sanguinary monster has been guillotined. We are told that it is impossible to look at the cast of the criminal without being struck by its brutish, weasel-like type. The examination of the head is said to have resulted in the discovery, as an undeniable fact, that the lateral lobes of the cerebral mass were remarkable for two enlargements precisely where Gall placed his "Instinct carnassier," "Wurgsiunn," or "destructiveness." Far from there being anything remarkable in these circumstances, the fact is, there never yet has been an exception discovered to the accuracy of the seat pointed out by Gall, for the 27 fundamental faculties for which we are indebted to his marvellous genius for observation, combined with his indefatigable industry, and his no less admirable, cautious, patient, and conscientious habit of again and again verifying his inferences by repeated examinations, before he regarded them as established. Man had looked on man, and scanned the face of his brother, in sunshine and in storm, in friendship and in anger, for tens of thousands of years before the advent of Gall, without ever having



formed an approximately rational psychology, much less connected twenty-seven unquestionably primitive faculties with the development of as many different localities of the surface of the brain. Never before in the history of human progress were the foundations of a science laid, and the building of the superstructure so far advanced by the labours of an individual. Those who reject the organology of Gall, are theorists, who choose to assume its improbability, and go through the world with their eyes shut, not humble and patient interrogators of nature, ready to abandon their preconceived notions and follow her teaching like little children. No case was ever known where a competent observer was an unbeliever, for the simple reason that, like the great comparative anatomist, Vimont, in the process of studying to qualify themselves for the task, they become converts. Gall arrived at a knowledge of the seat of the carnivorous instinct as follows:—Assiduously comparing the skulls of animals, he found a characteristic difference between those of frugivorous, and those of carnivorous species. If the skulls of frugivora are placed in a horizontal position on a table and a perpendicular raised from the opening of the ear, only a small portion of the posterior lobes and the cerebellum will be found behind this line, consequently the meatus and the petrous portion of the temporal bone, pretty nearly mark the limits of the cerebrum in these species. If, on the contrary, the skulls of carnivorous species are treated in the same manner, the perpendicular indicated will be found to mark the middle of the brain, or, at any rate, to have behind it a large portion of the cerebral mass. Whilst in animals of kindred species the relative size of the two portions will generally indicate their greater or less carnivorous tendency and fierceness. The black rat, brown rat, and hamster are illustrations, destructiveness being largest in the last. Ordinarily in the carnivora the greatest prominence of the brain is just over the external opening of the ear. A comparison of the skulls of the cat, weasel, or ferret, with the skulls of the hare, rabbit, or squirrel, or those of the lion or tiger with the ox or horse, will at once make apparent these great differences, or rather contrasts. Thus it appears that in the carnivora there are certain portions of brain behind, and above the ear, not possessed by the frugivora. For a long while Gall contented himself with stating this fact to the audience at his lectures, without making any practical application of it to his organology, but teaching them how by inspecting the skull, even when the truth were wanting, they could determine whether it belonged to a frugivorous or carnivorous animal. Some one sent Gall the skull of a parricide; he put it aside without thinking the skulls of homicides could ever be useful to him in the prosecution of his researches. Shortly after, he received the skull of a highway robber, who, not content with theft, had murdered several persons. He placed the two skulls side by side, and examined them frequently. Every time he did so he was struck with the fact that, though differing greatly in other respects, they both agreed in having a strongly pronounced prominence just above the auditory meatus. Gradually the signification of the difference in formation in the brains of the carnivora and frugivora dawned upon him, and the coincidence of the extraordinary development of the carnivorous convolutions in the two murderers arrested his attention. "Existerait-il," said Gall, "une connexion entre cette conformation et le penchant à tuer? Tout le premier je fus révolté par cette idée. Mais lorsqu'il est question d'observer, et de consigner le résultat de mes observations, je ne connais pas d'autre loi que la vérité." Once placed on the right track, Gall was not long in establishing by a crowd of facts and observations, the existence and the seat of the carnivorous instinct in man—who destroys from the trout to the elephant, with a zest that shows that the aboriginal instincts of the hunter still glow in the bosom of the child of civilization. There is probably no primitive instinct the distinctness of which is more unequivocally demonstrated by its separate alienation than that of the "instinct to kill," numerous cases being on record where patients subject to periodical attacks, loathing themselves, have been earnest in their entreaties to be loaded with chains, and have themselves indicated the period when they might be safely dispensed with.

All the arcs of the meridian hitherto measured, with the exception of one by La Caille and Maclean near the Cape of Good Hope, have been in the northern hemisphere. One has recently been measured in Chili. The mean length of a degree obtained from nine measurements between  $27^{\circ} 37' 37''$  and  $37^{\circ} 41' 52''$ , is calculated at 110,936 mètres, at the mean latitude of  $32^{\circ} 39' 45''$ . The length of this same degree, calculated on the hypothesis of a regular spheroid with a flattening of  $\frac{1}{230}$ , would be 110,877 mètres, being only a difference of 59 mètres from the preceding, which also closely approaches the measure of 110,964 mètres, the length determined by Maclean near the Cape of Good Hope.

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

BUSINESS in the Money Market remains upon pretty much the usual footing that characterizes the close of the quarter, and of the Government financial year. The demand for discount, of course, increases, and capitalists are somewhat raising their terms and coming gradually nearer to the Bank rate of 3 per cent. There have, in addition, been some exceptional payments to provide for

in the past week, owing to the falling due of a large amount of Indian and Australian paper. A reduction in the rate of discount is, therefore, considered for the present out of the question, and hence no surprise was created when the Bank Court rose yesterday without making any alteration. If, however, during the next week or two, we can hardly look for a decline in value of money, there seems equal improbability of an advance. The supplies of gold from Australia which have either arrived or will come within a brief interval are unusually large, and it is evident that the demand for India has sensibly slackened. It has been a novel feature in the experience of the past few years that gold should be sent direct from Melbourne to Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. Not that it made any difference in the actual totals of specie imported to and exported from England. Our old course of trade was to receive gold from Australia or California, to transmit it to the Continent for the purchase of silver, and to send the silver out to the East. It was certainly a cumbrous process to forward specie from just the other side of the world, in order to return to it four-fifths of the way back in a somewhat different shape. As long as the Indian public would accept silver only, and would not care for gold, there was, nevertheless, no help for it but to satisfy in this manner their prejudices. Within late years, however, the Hindoo has begun to appreciate the true value of gold in its relation to silver, and as a natural corollary it was found to be both cheaper and safer to send gold to India direct from Australia than to cause it to make pretty nearly the circle of the globe by forwarding it *via* England. At present, however, these shipments have, in a great measure, ceased. Since the reopening of the American trade, we are no longer the great purchasers of Indian cotton that we were during the civil war. Again, from the commercial collapse, not only in the East, but here, our trade has been much restricted, especially in the item of imports. We have, consequently, far less to pay for than in past years, and the gold which was formerly diverted from its old destination is being sent here again. Another favourable feature is the satisfactory position of the foreign exchanges. If the rate for money is low in London, it is equally falling on the Continent. In Paris, at all events, the bullion at the Bank of France is larger than the amount ever held by that or any other establishment, and the rate of discount in the open market is less than 2 per cent. Hence, there is no temptation to send money abroad, but rather the other way.

Under these circumstances, there seems little doubt that in the ensuing month the rates of discount are almost certain to give way. After the completion of the usual quarterly payments and the disbursement of the dividends, it is difficult to see any ground why the value of money should not fall. The last Board of Trade Returns conclusively demonstrate that our commerce shows little, if any, sign of revival from the dejection which has followed the disasters of the past summer. Speculation, whether for good or evil, is completely dead. A prospectus of a new company does not appear from one month's end to another. Foreign loans do not progress. Of the three which have lately been brought out, the two most recent are at a considerable discount. Railways have fallen into such a hopeless discredit that the few new measures now before Parliament are almost entirely devised for the purpose of getting them out of financial difficulty, apparently with little prospect of success. Everything points to a large and indefinite increase in the supply of available capital, partly from an actual augmentation, and partly from a decrease in the ordinary demand.

The public seem to be showing their usual capriciousness in the question of investments. Not long ago Colonial Government securities were chiefly in favour, but this feeling has so far gone off that the last issue offered did not meet with a single application. Next, Consols were in demand, and the public bought some large quantities of stock. This movement, however, has likewise died away; and within the last week a great want of activity has characterized the market for Government funds, notwithstanding the daily purchases for redemption of the National Debt. Apparently, Indian stocks, both of the Government and of the guaranteed railway companies, are now the chief favourites. How soon they may have to give place to something else it is impossible to say.

There seems some prospect that the winding up of Overend, Gurney, & Co. may, after all, be concluded without further litigation, at least, as far as concerns the creditors. There can be no doubt that these parties have nothing to do with the questions in dispute between shareholders and directors. They simply trusted the company as a company, and ought not to be made to suffer. It is a very different matter whether the proprietors have not a right of action against those persons whom they allege to have obtained their subscriptions by means of an incorrect prospectus. It appears, however, that this question will shortly be tried.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE WORKING CLASSES.\*

It was not without some misgivings that we opened the volume now before us. Things are not, a poet informs us, what they seem; and our every-day experience lets us know that books very often are not what they pretend to be. The present work, however, appears really to be what its preface declares that it is, a record of the impression made upon the mind of a working man by the scenes amidst which he lives, and the manners and customs of the people with whom he associates. Whether it has been printed as he wrote it, or whether it owes its literary garb to the hand of what is technically called in tailoring a translator, so that though the voice is that of the engineering Esau, the dress is that of some literary Jacob, we cannot be certain, but, if the book is really and fairly the composition of a working man, it does him very great credit. It is extremely interesting, and it contains a large amount of valuable information, and in addition to these merits it has that of being distinguished from first to last by an air of good sense and good feeling, which appears to be perfectly genuine. We should be spared much expense and much misery if the mass of our author's fellow workers could bring to bear upon several vexed questions of the day the judgment and the intelligence which he evidently possesses.

It is not very easy to define what is meant by the vague designation of "the working classes." Now and then a gentleman who is addressing a public meeting will angle for a cheer by protesting that he himself, as one who does something, is a working man; but the term is not so elastic as to be able to include him without a manifest straining of its proper signification. Most artisans would disdainfully refuse to allow that a linendraper's assistant, however great his toil might be, was a working man. To the mechanic mind, the unfortunate shopman would never appear worthy of a more dignified appellation than that of counter-jumper. Only skilled labour, actual handicraft, according to the workman's ideas, can render a man fit for admission into the ranks of the class to which he himself belongs. Of the successive stages through which every candidate for such admission must pass, our author gives an interesting account. In the chapter "On the Inner Life of Workshops," we are initiated into some of the mysteries which are there held sacred, and are made acquainted with some of the difficulties which beset the apprentice at his first entrance. We are shown, for instance, how he is expected to be able to "keep nix," namely, "to keep a bright look-out for the approach of managers or foremen," so as to be able to give prompt and timely notice to men who may be skulking, or having a sly read or smoke, or who are engaged on "corporation work"—that is, work of their own. Another accomplishment, we are told, which a boy must learn before he begins to acquire any knowledge of his trade, is "that of smuggling drink into the shop in a bold and scientific manner." It might be supposed that he would lose little by refusing to have anything to do with such transactions; but it seems that "he cannot afford to deny a favour to a man upon whose goodwill depends the question as to whether he is to be a good or bad workman." Nominally, it is the master to whom he is bound who has to teach him his trade, but in reality it is from the skilled workmen of the establishment that he learns "those little wrinkles" and specialities the knowledge of which makes the difference between the good and the bad, or only ordinary workman.

The subject of strikes naturally occupies some of the most interesting chapters in the book. Our author gives it as his opinion "that trade-unions, if upon a comprehensive scale, and conducted in a business-like manner, are extremely beneficial to their members, and favourable to the interests of the employers of those members," and he gives as an illustration an account of the proceedings of "The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, Smiths, and Pattern-Makers." Previous to the year 1851, each of these trades had a society of its own, but they then united and formed a union which at present numbers more than 30,000 members. Its income for 1865 was over £77,000, its expenditure was about 50,000, and its total balance in hand at the end of the year exceeded £115,000. As no candidate is eligible for admission into the society unless he "is possessed of good abilities as a workman, is of steady habits, and good moral character," it keeps clear of the dregs of the trade; and masters, as a rule, prefer its members to men who are not unionists. One of the principal charges directed against trade-unions is that they tend to reduce all workmen to one dead level, forcing them all to work for the same pay, and therefore chilling the ardour and dulling the intelligence of the man who is superior to his fellows. But our author utterly denies the truth of this assertion, except in the case of a badly-conducted society. All that the rules of well-managed associations insist upon, he says, "is that as they admit no one to be a member unless he is possessed of good abilities as a workman, no member must work for less than the average rate of wages paid to members of the same branch of trade in the district in which he is employed." He admits, however, that while the principle of trade-unions is sound, it has in some instances been grossly perverted, and that some societies have disgraced themselves by "their generally aggressive policy, their unwritten but perfectly understood laws, their blatant inflammatory spouters, and their lukewarm, half-hearted condemnation of outrages, and the unscrupulous ruffians

by whom they are committed." As regards strikes, while he holds that circumstances may arise to justify them at times, he thinks that they are generally an unmixed evil. The frequency with which they occur he looks upon as arising from the fact "that the general run of working men do not fully comprehend the nature and magnitude of the evils involved in a strike, and lacking the check that would arise from a thorough understanding of these evils, they adopt a strike as a first instead of a last resource." He points out the nature of these evils, the loss of wages, the suffering endured by wives and families, the sending away of trade to foreign countries and the consequent depreciation of labour, and the demoralization which invariably follows a strike, and he adds that if working men would only consider these things calmly for themselves instead of being led away "by the clap-trap of professional strike-mongers, to whom a strike is 'a paying concern,' strikes would seldom be heard of.

For professional agitators, our engineer manifestly entertains no small dislike. In a chapter headed "Working Men's Friends," he gives an amusing description of several specimens of that class. There is no great difficulty in discovering who is the original of his portrait of "the great C. G. B., or 'Alphabet' Crusher, proprietor of Crusher's newspaper," occupier of the proud position of "journalistic agitator and toady-in-chief to 'the working man.'" A mechanic, says our author, may have been in the habit of considering himself a comparatively happy man; he may be conscious of being in constant employment, of earning good wages, and of enjoying good health; he may long have been able to boast of a happy home and an increasing deposit in the savings-bank. But at length he becomes a reader of Crusher's newspaper, and from that moment his peace is troubled, his contentment is gone. He discovers that he is one of the most oppressed and miserable of human beings; he learns that he is the prey of "a bloated, vicious, blood-sucking aristocracy," that he is unfairly taxed, and unjustly governed; that he is "ground down" by the capitalist, and that his rights are annihilated by every employer of labour. The natural result of this great discovery is to render him a discontented man, one whose mind is no longer given to his work, but wastes its powers in brooding over the imaginary wrongs which the agitator has invented for his own private benefit.

Another still more dangerous friend against whom our author forcibly protests is the delegate. He has generally commenced life as a journeyman, noted for aversion to hard work, and a fondness for "holding forth." Having a great flow of language and a ready command of polysyllables, he soon gains a great ascendancy over the minds of his less fluent fellow workmen, and obtains the enviable reputation of being able "to speak like a book." After a time, when a trade delegate is required, he is probably the man selected, and then he comes out in all his glory. Then he discovers that employers "are hard and designing tyrants, whose sole objects in life are to grind down the working man, and to amass wealth by 'wringing it out of his sweat and blood,' and it is when he has made this discovery that he urges his 'down-trodden brethren' to submit no longer to such a state of things, but to resist the tyranny of masters and capitalists; urges them, in a word, to take one of the most disastrous steps that any body of working men can take—namely, to strike." It is he, moreover, who, when the men have struck, and they and their families are almost reduced to starvation, urges them to refuse the terms offered them by their employers; always remembering, though not alluding to the fact, that as a trade delegate he draws a salary which will expire when the strike ends. Such men as he and Crusher undoubtedly exercise a great influence over the minds of working men, but we are glad to hear from our engineer that there is among artisans a class of thoughtful and tolerably educated men who see through the pretence of disinterested good will with which the agitator disguises his greedy selfishness; and by these men he hopes the working classes will ultimately be freed "from the injurious thralldom at present exercised over a large portion of them by men who, in the guise of friends, are their greatest enemies."

One of the principal reasons why working men are so easily deluded by professional agitators and mischief-mongers is, according to our author, that they are educated on a thoroughly false system. "The great fault of it is," he says, "that it attempts too much—attempts to make scholars of children instead of merely paving the way to their becoming intelligent men," and that it is "one that sacrifices the cultivation of the higher faculties to the development of a mechanical and comparatively useless power of memory." It is worse than useless, he argues, to trouble children who are to leave school at fourteen years of age with the mass of worthless information with which they are generally crammed, and which they forget as soon as possible after entering the workshop, and he is opposed to extending their school studies beyond the plain foundations of reading, writing, and arithmetic. "Working men cannot be made scholars, but by reading they may gain knowledge, and to create and direct a taste for reading should be the chief aim of their education." At present the number of tolerably educated men among the working classes is but small; there is no lack of shrewdness and intelligence, but, as a general rule, these qualities are attended by an almost invincible ignorance. The consequence is, that the well-informed men "are totally inadequate to the leavening of the mass, and in any question affecting the relations between their own and other classes of society, their influence is utterly swamped by that of the many-headed multitude, who acknowledge the sway of the professional agitators."

We have called attention to some of the principal merits of our

\* Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes. By A Journeyman Engineer. London: Tinsley Brothers.



engineer's modest little volume. It contains also some amusing sketches of the manners and customs of the working classes, the best of which is a record of a Sunday at home. Our author evidently possesses much natural keenness of observation, and no small share of humour; but what are, in our eyes, the chief attractions of his book are, as we have already said, the moderation, the judgment, and the good feeling which honourably characterize it throughout.

#### PHILO-THEANTHROPY.\*

AN advertisement has been for some time moving the wonder of those who read the advertisement sheets of newspapers, by the announcement that "D. O. M., the Triune, or the New Religion," is now ready. The mystery and the large promise of this title suggest Scrutator's book as an eligible investment, and therefore it is as well to give our readers some idea of what such investment will yield. The cabalistic D. O. M. savours strongly, on the face of it, of the Pagan ascriptions of Rome, and it turns out on investigation to be closely akin thereto. The little building on the left hand of the approach to a certain well-known French château at Fernex bears the inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire*;" and in a similar spirit, though with a praiseworthy modesty which takes shelter in initials, Scrutator dedicates his book, "*Deo Omnipotenti Optimo Maximo*," omitting not unnaturally one of the initial letters, in order to avoid the omen involved in such a legend as "D. O. O. M., the New Religion." The title Triune has no connection with the Trinity, quite the reverse; for Scrutator speaks of that catholic doctrine with an easy and compassionate contempt, as a mere "dwarf credulity when compared with the baseless fabric of the Fall of Man." The Triune, in fact, is neither more nor less than the fly leaf at the end of the book, containing "the three tables for the soul," which are—No. 1, a column of wrong or evil; No. 2, an amended pater-noster and creed; and No. 3, a column of right or good. Finally, to have done with the title of the book, as Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun, so far of course as he was acquainted with the outlook of that luminary, so may impartial readers say when they judge the promise of Scrutator's title by the performance of his pages, inasmuch as it seems from his own statements that the main principles of the new religion were inculcated long ago by Confucius. Three defects from perfection, which the Chinese philosopher's system is here allowed to have displayed, have been abundantly set right by any number of prophets of Scrutator's kidney and otherwise, and can scarcely be claimed as novel conquests in the year of grace 1867; these being, first, the recognition of the maxim that the seasons may be propitiated; secondly, the declaration of the privileges of departed spirits; and, thirdly, the belief that the Person to whom Scrutator dedicates his little book is "capable of giving plentiful harvests in answer to public prayer and worship."

When the composition of some new and universal pill has been revealed to man, the recipient of the revelation at once proceeds from philanthropic motives to introduce to the notice of the public this pill. So the phrase usually runs, and Scrutator only modifies it very slightly when he announces that his work is an attempt, "from philo-theanthropic motives, to introduce to the notice of the public this religion,"—the new religion, that is. The insertion of two syllables in the word *philanthropic*, it may be as well to say, is explained to have the effect of declaring that the scope of the author's love includes his dedicatee as well as his readers. We have already had occasion to refer to Scrutator's modesty as being greater than that of M. de Voltaire, as initials are less than words; and this same admirable quality of his appears in equally clear relief by comparison with the Holloways and other vendors of specific medicines. He does not expect to convert the whole world of England to a belief in the remedial efficacy of his panacea in any short period of time; on the contrary, he allows a hundred years, for the creed he writes and publishes on the sacred fly-leaf as No. 2 of the tables for the soul, is entitled the creed of the English in the year 1966, or rather, one might have thought, in the year 99 A.S., commencing a new era from the appearance of Scrutator in print. There seems, however, to be no objection to beginning with the new pater-noster at once, as it is given without any limitation of date. For this prayer itself and for the creed we must refer the inquiring mind to table No. 2 aforesaid, leaving the reader to correct misprints, as he will have acquired some practice in doing if he has read through the book to the fly-leaf. A form of public worship, suited to the new religion, is to be published shortly, and when the full machinery is put in motion, Scientific Theology, which is Scrutator, "ventures to predict" that its principles will be uniformly adopted, and then a "vivid and beautiful prophecy" of universal love and brotherhood will be verified to the letter, the said prophecy being written in the Bible of Scientific Theology (Councils xvi., 43, 44), and "founded not on special communications from God, but on inductive science."

So far as we can understand the present instalment of the new religion, it is necessary, in order to be a properly scientific theologian, to believe that of each race of men, Red Indians, Papuans, Negroes, Malays, Tartars, and Europeans, a pair, or a plurality of pairs, was originally created; that man fabricates from his own imagination the nature of his God and of his God's laws, and invents and observes public religious ceremonies corresponding thereto; that all religions have a common origin, are constituted of two parts, viz., a metaphysical creed and a physical worship,

and vary in their development with the psychological condition of the worshipper; and that every attempt of "those wandering assailants and expostulators called missionaries" must fail when brought to bear upon peoples possessed of a religion of their own, as offending both the faith and the reason of the listeners. Physical pain is designedly caused by the laws of the Deity, since otherwise those laws would neither act as an incentive to mankind, nor as an indication of the power and presence of the Almighty, good and evil existing for no other purpose than to put man in a state of probation for another life. The idea of the existence of Satan the new religion unconditionally rejects, as the token of a barbarous condition of the human mind. The founder of Christianity, although as a philo-theanthropist coming up almost to the highest scientific conception, was yet capable of anger and vituperation, and made himself the author of the most terrible and cruel domestic tragedies. As a scientific theologian, nevertheless, his position was a lofty one, as he nowhere recognised the monstrous injustice of vicarious punishment (an ambiguous sentence, at least), nowhere insisted on an abandonment of the reasoning faculties when describing the Deity, and nowhere denied the efficacy of good works. Sacerdotal Christianity has wrought immense cruelty and mischief in the world, and, though its time has now gone by, there remains metaphysical Christianity; when this last is swept away, it will be well for mankind. The future life of celestial felicity, the reward of a good life here, will consist in an increase of knowledge, benevolence, moral attributes, and science. It is believed—by Scrutator in the name of the new religion—that this glimpse of felicity is apparent to the scientific theologian, but is not apparent to any other religionist in the world.

The new religion is announced to be superlatively practical, and that, we must allow, is a very excellent quality; but, in spite of this large promise, we look in vain for that which it professes to supply—a fresh inducement to eschew evil and do good. Those who practise No. 3 of the tables for the soul will live and be exalted in the scale of the infinite creation; those who practise No. 1 of the same tables will be degraded in that scale below the beasts that perish. We cannot see that here is any very new incitement, beyond the usual one of hope and fear. And even on the force of the old appeal to fear, Scrutator casts a serious, though, we do him the credit of feeling sure, an unintentional doubt, by leaving us to make out the best agreement we can between the large type at the end of No. 1 of the Triune, "man has free will to do wrong, and thereby to insure for his soul now and after death misery," and the statement that if Adam and Eve were made capable of disobedience, "it is certain that the author of their existence had no right to punish them for disobedience." A part of the argument here touched upon, respecting the "monstrous doctrine of the fall of man," is so entirely beyond our comprehension, that Scrutator's scorn of "some bewildered philosopher of the desert" becomes severely personal, and there is no refuge but in an appeal to our readers by printing the passage as it stands:—

"It is certain, then, that a thing created can occasion neither evil nor good to its creator; and, therefore, the punishment of the thing created by the Creator for doing evil to him is tiger-like cruelty—it is inflicting pain for pain's sake, and is an act of un pitying malignity."

When "the reform of the Established Church of England and Ireland, now so much required," takes place, matters will be a good deal simplified, and our courts of heresy will be closed, "two definitions, three commandments, one promise, and one admonition being amply sufficient for all religion." The first definition deals with the Deity, as being all-wise, omnipotent, &c., and answering spiritual prayer; the second appears to have equally small claims to the name of a definition,—"Man is His (the Deity's) only perfectible creature, so far as is known," the beasts being all perfect, we are told, since they are not capable of progress towards any higher perfection. The three commandments are formed from the two which embody the Mosaic ten, with the addition of the Christian injunction to pray for power to keep them, this injunction being guarded by the statement that to pray for a suspension or variation of physical laws is impious and useless. The promise and the admonition we have already referred to—the one being the promise of exaltation in the scale of creation, the other threatening degradation in that scale. With every possible wish to learn some new incentive which shall cause to cease the wars and wickedness that Scrutator throws in the teeth of Christianity, we cannot find such power in the Triune, and so far as the new religion is concerned, we are of Solomon's opinion still.

#### WHISPERS OF THE HESPERIDES.\*

"ONE form with many names," is no false description of the many books and booklets which appear, containing translations from English into Latin and Greek verse. There are our old friends, "*Anthologia Oxoniensis*," "*Arundines Cami*," "*Sabrinæ Corolla*;" there are newer acquaintances, such as Dr. Holden's "*Folia Silvulæ*," and a more recent "*Fasciculus*;" and now, when any young *Fasciculus* is shortly expected, there must be many searchings of heart as to what name it shall be christened by. This difficulty seems to have tortured the authors of our booklet. A title has to be found which will mean Greek and Latin verses written by Irish scholars. On the authority of *Æschylus*, we would have suggested *ἑλαιοβατῶν μινυρίσματα*, which, literally

\* D. O. M., The Triune; or, The New Religion. London: Trübner & Co.

\* *Hesperidum Susurri*: Sublegerunt T. J. B. Brady, A.M., R. Y. Tyrrell, A.B., M. C. Cullinan, A.B., Collegii SS. Trinitatis juxta Dublin. Alumni. Rivingtons.



rendered, would be "Warblings of Bog-trotters," but we do not deny that the title selected is more decorous and more poetical, if less intelligible—"Hesperidum Susurri" ("the whispers of the Hesperides,") of whom our translators weave the little romance that Erin was and is the home of those gifted nymphs of the West. But if they still "sing around the golden tree," we fear that Ireland cannot now be the place of their sojourn, for golden trees do not flourish on that soil, but as Juvenal complains—"ejectis mendicat silva Camenis." However, we are dealing with legend, and not with fact, and our authors represent themselves as having stolen into the ancient woods of Erin, and as having heard there the songs of the sisters; or, rather, not the regular songs, but "whispers" only, which they reproduce for our delectation; after making the customary apology for human rashness in divulging the secrets of the gods. In this last thought we are somewhat inclined to agree with them. They will remember that when Horace speaks of those who publish mysteries, his maxim is—"Est et fidei tuta silentio merces"—meaning that it is altogether safer not to repeat what you hear there; and certainly some of these revelations which we have before us must either prove the Hesperides to have become a little rusty in their classics, or leave us to believe that our translators went to listen to them as the crew of Ulysses to the sirens.

Now that so strong a current is setting against a mere classical education, and such bitter truths are spoken about the rarity of real scholarship even in the case of those who profess to be proficient in Latin and Greek, we cannot afford to pay honour to second rate ability in this particular line. It seems to us that when specimen translations of Greek and Latin verse are published they ought to be excellent, or else they are worthless. Our friend Horace has again remarked that neither Gods, nor men, nor the book sellers, encourage any one to be a mediocre poet. For "poet" let us read "translator"; the truth holds equally good.

Now we must confess that we were startled, on first opening this little volume, to light upon a copy of Greek verses (on p. 11) which contained no less than nine grave errors of accentuation. We were naturally inclined to blame the compositor; but no! there is a table of errata which takes cognizance of a tenth mistake in this passage, but which by its silence endorses the "nine." There does not seem to be any other spot in the book so thickly sown with these stars, but they are scattered over various portions. And although it seems to be a little thing, yet to a critical eye it produces the same effect as an inability to spell correctly, which is never admired.

We turn to p. 39, where there is a rendering into Homeric hexameters from Rev. vii., 2, 3: "The four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea"—

"γαῖαν ὅπως βλαπτοῖεν (sic) ἰδ' εὐρεῖα νῦτα θαλάσσης."

Now it is not till the era of Attic Greek that βλάπτειν takes the sense of "to hurt;" in Homer it signifies always to "stop," "impede," "entangle;" and to adapt our verse to Homeric usage, we should have to write σίνουιντο, or some such word. And we do not like at all the confusion between θεοῦ and θεῶν in the two last lines. But our readers will not thank us to go into questions of grammar, otherwise we might have something to say of the difference in meaning between the imperatives of the aorist and present tenses, which seem to be here used somewhat at random, and similar minutiae.

But having pointed out the ways in which we think this little book shows its weakness, we are most willing to acknowledge that there is not a little in it which is evidently the work of loving students of the old Greek drama and Greek Idyllic poets too. One of the most original passages is a translation from Tennyson's "Eneide" into Theocritean verse. The following is a fair specimen:—

"ἦνιδε τυ θνάσκοισά τυ τὰν πολυπίδακα βωστρῶ,  
κλῦθι, φίλα μάτερ, τὰ πανύστατα κλῦθι μεν, ἰδὰ.  
ἦνιδε σιγῇ μὲν τὸ μεσάμβρινον ὦρεα καῦμα,  
οἱ δ' ἄκριδες σιγῶντ', ἱκέλος σκιᾷ ἄσυχ' ἰαίνει  
σαῦρος ἰφ' αἵμασι, σιγὰν δ' ἔχει ἄχετα τέττιξ.  
τὰ ρόδα γένει ἔρασδε, καὶ ἄ βομβεῦσα μέλισσα  
λευκοῖσιν ἐνεῖδει, ἱμὰ δ' οὐχ εὔδει ἀνία.  
ὅσσε δαδάκρυνται, μέγα μὲν ποτι κάρδιον ἔλκος,  
πᾶσα σ' ὀλωλ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος, ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δ' ὄμματα ναρκῇ,  
οὐδ' ἔτ' ἔμιν μέλειται ζῶειν τήνοιο χατεῦσα."

One of the most ambitious efforts is a rendering of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" into Greek anapaests—perhaps a little too ambitious. We give a specimen verse:—

"In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran:—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it, think of it,  
Dissolute man;  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then if you can."

"Φεῦ τῆς τόλμης· οὐδὲν ἐφείσατο  
λάβρον ποταμοῦ μὴ οὐ χειμερίδης  
οἰδμασι ρίψαι σῶμα φέρεσθαι.  
λευσσεῖτ' ἀπ' ὀχθῆς λεύσσετε πίτνει·  
γράφε δ' ἐν δέλτοις, ὦ μῦρε, φρενῶν  
γράφε δὲ μνήμην,  
κᾶτα συνειδὸς πότον ὑβρίζων,  
ποταμοῦ τόλμα πᾶμ' ἀρύσασθαι,  
ποταμῷ νίψαι χροᾶ γόλμα."

To say nothing of ὦ μῦρε as a rendering of the "dissolute man," which word tells the whole story; we cannot understand the change from λεύσσετε to γράφε, nor accept as a Greek expression, συνειδὸς πότον ὑβρίζων. But the Latin verses must have a word to themselves. There is a sort of carelessness which disfigures these also. For instance, in two succeeding lines on page 59, we read "piuguescunt" and "pupureis"; but a more serious charge is a certain heaviness in the rhythm which ought to be conspicuous by its absence in specimens that have received their final polish. We will take a passage from page 9—a translation of the following lines from Aytoun:—

"Such fate ere long will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been awhile:  
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;—  
And I shall sigh, but some will smile,  
To see thy love for more than one  
Hath brought thee to be loved by none!"

"Tu quoque, quum fueris modo contrectata per omnem  
Paullisper populum, talia fata manent.  
Nempe inter flores marcentes spreta jacebis,  
Ridebunt alii, me lacrimante, vices;  
Quod stulte dum sic plures sectaris amores  
Cunctas plorabis destituisse faces."

The unnecessary aggravation of "per omnem populum" is a blot upon the gracefulness of the first line; but no ear can tolerate the spondaic crawl of the succeeding lines, which by the way are otherwise decidedly prosaic. Yet the same writer can give us much more fluent lines, as we see in his translation from "Auburn." The little volume contains various other specimens of Lyric and Elegiac metre, and a clever imitation of Plautus. We find among them many a line or stanza which we willingly carry away in our mind, and which may well have come at first hand from the Hesperides. But when we have besides the "bona," the "mediocria" as well, and also the "mala," we are ungrateful enough to keep the latter before our eyes. Excuses of "first attempts," and deprecations of criticism must of necessity go for nothing when the things published ought to be first-rate, or not made public at all. A copy of verses must be like Cæsar's wife—above suspicion—and it is more kindly to point to typical mistakes than to "damn with faint praise." All ye who are about to enter into the lists of verse writing, take down your Horace and study his common-sense rules! remember his "sæpe stilum veritas"; his "limæ labor"; his recommendation to work away at ancient models—

"Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

#### THE STUDENT'S TEXT-BOOK OF ELECTRICITY.\*

THIS book fulfils its professed objects, and evidently no pains have been spared to make it a faithful reflex of the present state of electrical science. It contains a vast amount of matter in a clear and condensed form, and perspicuously arranged—whilst in every instance where we have tested it we have found it brought up to the latest knowledge of the day. The most recent information on induction machines—a full description of the new and powerful generator of dynamic electricity, invented by Mr. Wilde—and a drawing, with explanation of Sir William Thompson's mirror galvanometer—may all be found in its pages. In short, it offers a pleasing contrast to the slovenly manner in which manuals and student's text-books are often got up. It is, however, necessary to state that a considerable portion of the text, slightly condensed, together with the illustrations, are transferred from the author's "Manual of Electricity."

Every year, for many years past, the subject of electricity has assumed more and more importance, not merely as treating of an omnipresent and ever active force pervading the phenomena of nature, but as teaching us how best to avail ourselves of the services of an agent capable of an infinity of practical applications to the arts of life. In view of the immense mass of facts of which it at present consists, we are astonished when we consider that it is but little more than a century ago that the mode of accumulating electricity by insulation was discovered, and Europe was astonished by the tale of the marvellous results of the Leyden Phial. Muschenbrock, in a letter to Réaumur, describing the effect produced on himself by the shock, says: "I felt myself struck in my arms, shoulders, and breast. I lost my breath, and it was two days before I recovered from the effects of the blow and the terror. I would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France." This now extensive subject is treated by Mr. Noad under ten heads, each containing, on an average, five or six chapters, and presenting in the whole an amount of detail truly formidable. In fact, it is but necessary to name frictional electricity—atmospheric electricity—magnetism—Voltaic electricity—electro-physiology—electro-magnetism—magneto-electricity—thermo-electricity—electric telegraphy, &c., and it will be at once recognised that each constitutes, so to speak, a science in itself. All this great body of knowledge has been developed out of a few simple fundamental facts; as, that vitreous substances, such as glass, and resinous substances, such as sealing-wax and gutta-percha, upon being rubbed with certain other substances, attract light bodies.

\* The Student's Text-Book of Electricity. By Henry M. Noad, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at St. George's Hospital, Author of "A Manual on Chemical Analysis," "A Manual of Electricity," &c. With 400 Illustrations. London: Lockwood & Co.



That a body having been brought in contact by attraction with an excited vitreous substance, is then repelled by it, and attracted by an excited resinous substance, and *vice versa*. In other words, that bodies charged with the same kind of electricity repel each other, and bodies charged with opposite kinds of electricity attract each other—that some bodies are conductors, and others insulators. Such is the alphabet of electricity, forming, with the discoveries of Galvani and Volta, the frame work of our present vast and varied knowledge.

According to Arago, we owe the immortal discovery of the Voltaic pile to the fact that a certain Bolognese lady was attacked in 1790 by a cold, for which her physician prescribed *frog broth*. The author of the article "Voltaic Electricity," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," however, states that one of Galvani's pupils, using an electrical machine on a table adjoining one on which a number of frogs were lying ready skinned for cooking, chanced to touch with a scalpel the nerve in the leg of one of the frogs, when, to his surprise, the leg was thrown into violent convulsions. Another tradition informs us that Galvani, who was a diligent anatomist, in the course of some researches, had occasion to lay bare the lumbar nerves; and that, having several frogs thus dissected, he passed copper hooks through part of the dorsal column, and suspended several upon the iron balcony in the front of his laboratory, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, the limbs were thrown into strong convulsions. Such are the tales with which the human imagination never fails to invest the birth of every world-famous discovery. What is certain, however, is that Galvani was versed in all the electrical knowledge of his day, and occupied with experiments on the contractions of the muscles of frogs for twenty years before the publication of his famous "Commentary," in which he even suggests that the contraction of the frog may be explained by the "return shock," and insists on the advantage of employing a metallic arc composed of two different metals. Galvani supposed the existence of an animal electricity, or nervous fluid, in the interior of the muscle. Volta, the first philosopher who repeated the experiments of Galvani, finding that, by applying the metallic arc to the eye or tongue, the sensation of light or taste could be produced, inferred that the muscular contractions were the result of irritations of the nerves; and lastly, that this irritation was caused by an electric current developed solely by the metallic arc. Volta's grand discovery of the "*pile*"—a discovery which, in its vast consequences to science, may be said to be unrivalled—was made in August, 1796.

Feeble electric currents traversing the earth are supposed to be the agents with which nature works in the formation of crystals, and in various redistributions of mineral bodies. When metalliferous rocks and earths of varied chemical constitution are connected by water, and this, often tepid in temperature, as it rises from great depths in the earth, electric currents must be generated, and the solution of various mineral substances effected, which become transferred by water to other localities, and submitted to new chemical reagents to be redeposited in another form. By operating with weak and long-continued electric currents, that great electrician, the late Andrew Crosse, succeeded in producing various close imitations of natural crystals never before obtained artificially. Thus beautiful translucent crystals of carbonate of lime were obtained over the whole surface of a piece of slate immersed in spring water and connected with the negative electrode of a sulphate of copper battery, the platinum wire, constituting the positive electrode, being twisted round a piece of mountain limestone also immersed in the water. In the same way stalactitic carbonate of strontia, and mamillated carbonate of baryta, and the sulphates of strontia and baryta in crystalline forms, were obtained by electrifying positively, in spring water, native carbonates and sulphates of strontia and baryta; and crystals of silicic acid were obtained by electrifying positively a piece of solid opaque white quartz in a solution of pure carbonate of potash.

The following statements as to the absolute quantity of electric force in matter, for which we have the authority of Faraday, are well calculated to arouse the mind to a sense of the inconceivable magnitude and potency of the forces of nature which slumber quiescently around us, till evoked into action in the train of those phenomena which constitute the life of the world:—

"The establishment of the theory of definite electro-chemical action led Faraday to the consideration of the absolute quantity of electric force in matter. To decompose a single grain of acidulated water, an electric current powerful enough to retain a platinum wire  $\frac{1}{164}$  of an inch in thickness red hot, must be sent through it for  $3\frac{1}{4}$  minutes, and this quantity of electricity is equal to a very powerful flash of lightning. Yet the electrical power which holds the elements of a grain of water in combination, or which makes a grain of oxygen and hydrogen, in the right proportions, unite into water when they are made to combine, equals in all probability the current required for the separation of that grain of water into its elements again; and this Faraday has shown to be equal to 800,000 charges of a Leyden battery of 15 jars, each containing 184 square inches of glass coated on both sides; indeed, a beautiful experiment is described by Faraday, in which the chemical action of dilute sulphuric acid on 32.31 parts (or one equivalent) of amalgamated zinc, in a simple voltaic circle, was shown to be able to evolve such quantity of electricity in the form of a current, as, passing through water could decompose nine parts (one equivalent) of that substance; thus rendering complete the proof (bearing in mind the definite relations of electricity) 'that the electricity which decomposes, and that which is evolved by the decomposition of, a certain quantity of matter are alike.'"

In 1819, another and most important chapter was added to the

science of electricity by the discovery, by Oersted, of the grand fact that when a magnetic needle is brought near the connecting medium (whether a metallic wire, or charcoal, or even saline fluids) of a closed Voltaic circuit, it is immediately deflected from its position, and made to take up a new one depending on the relative positions of the needle and conductor. This is the great fundamental fact that lies at the basis of electro-magnetism. Shortly after the discovery of electro-magnetism by Oersted, Ampère pointed out to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris the possibility of constructing an electric telegraph with magnetic needles, surrounded by coils of wire. The deflection of the needle formed, as is well known, the basis of the original telegraph of Cooke and Wheatstone, and continues up to the present hour the plan almost universally employed in telegraphic communication. The youngest of all the branches of this extensive science, thermo-electricity, was discovered in the year 1821 by Professor Seebeck, of Berlin, who ascertained that electrical currents may be excited in all metallic bodies by disturbing the equilibrium of temperature, the essential condition being that the extremities should be in opposite states. Thermo-electricity has proved a most useful instrument of scientific research, and our knowledge of its laws has been recently greatly extended by the labours of M. Becquerel.

The electric thermometer enables us to observe temperature with great exactitude under circumstances when the reading of the ordinary thermometer would be impossible; and it has just been applied by M. Becquerel to hygrometry.

#### THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.\*

THE work before us is a searching and able vindication of Queen Marie Antoinette, who so long lay under the charge of stealing the celebrated Diamond Necklace. To use a metaphor employed by our author, we think he has most effectually succeeded in drawing out the most envenomed shaft that was ever shot to slay the character of the innocent. We pity the man who can read unmoved the sad story of Queen Marie Antoinette of France. The darkness of her destiny has no parallel in the history of kings and queens. Other sovereigns may have suffered as bitterly and as innocently on this side of the grave, but no king or queen was ever more unfairly persecuted by persevering and artful enemies in life, and none was ever more cruelly and unjustly assailed in death than the worthy consort of Louis XVI. The name of the Queen's enemies was legion, and their diabolical object was to gratify their baffled ambition, their unprovoked malice, or their piqued vanity, by the ruin of that fair fame which was valued above the splendour of a crown and above the blessing of existence. Simple, artless, and open in all her dealings, that Queen was no match for the generation of vipers that then poisoned the most corrupt of European Courts, and sought to slay or to taint her with their venom. Too pure for the licentious, too frugal for the extravagant, and too pious for the infidels of her Court, her example was their living reproach, and her aversion was their open shame, and, like the Satan of Milton, they hated the light and cursed the beams that, by contrast, blackened all their blots.

It was the misfortune of Marie Antoinette to have incurred the animosity of many of the most powerful nobles in France almost from the first day on which she was called to share the throne of the King. Arrayed against her were the licentious Prince de Condé, the unprincipled Count de Provence, the brutal Duke de Chartres, afterwards infamous as Orleans Egalité; the dissolute and double-dealing old De Mamepas, Prime Minister, with all his kin; the abandoned Duke d'Angillon, the subtle M. de Vergennes. Amongst her enemies of her own sex were enrolled some of the highest and most illustrious of the Court ladies, and of these the most influential were Mesdames Adelaide and Louise, two of the King's aunts, the old Countess de Nassau and the Duchess de Noailles. Let us now hear Mr. Vizetelly's account of the manner in which this host of banded enemies sought her destruction:—

"From the day she became queen, to the very hour of her death, and even after the grave had closed over her headless corse, the unhappy Marie-Antoinette was fated to be the victim of calumny. Her youthful levity was magnified into natural vice. Her most innocent amusements were made the objects of dark suspicion. Her friendships were so many criminal attachments. From Marly to Versailles, and from Versailles to Marly, slander pursued her. It penetrated the groves of Trianon, and insinuated that secret orgies, rivalling those of the 'Paro aux cerfs,' were carried on in this now favourite retreat. Indecent pamphlets referring to her, written by hireling scribes, were circulated all over France. Libels against her were even forged in the police bureau. Scandalous songs were thrown in the 'Éclabouff,' at the King's feet. Scandalous libels were placed under his dinner-napkin. Courtiers repeated the last foul epigram, the last lying report against the Queen, in the royal ante-chambers, whispered it, and chuckled over it even in the Queen's presence; carried it from Versailles to Marly, post haste to Paris, to the different hostile salons, to the green-rooms of the theatre and the opera, and to the *cafés*; thence to be disseminated all over the capital, even to the *halles*; carried it to their country châteaux, and laughed over it at their dinner-tables, whence it spread among their tenantry and the inhabitants of the adjacent towns:—

'And they who told it added something new,  
'And they who heard it made enlargement too,  
'In ev'ry ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.'

\* The Story of the Diamond Necklace, told in detail for the first time. By Henry Vizetelly. London: Tinsley Brothers.



"Fancy what a perfect fund of scandal this affair of the Necklace, enveloped as it was at first in such an impenetrable mystery, provided for these despicable minds! What an arsenal for defamation and calumny it furnished to the avowed enemies of Marie-Antoinette! The Orleans faction professed to look upon it as a state crime, pretending to believe that the real culprit was the Queen, who had secured the Necklace through the medium of the Cardinal, he having been her dupe in the first instance, and afterwards her victim. They gave out, through their herd of itinerant agents—men without characters, without homes, without bread, without settled occupations, fitted only for scandalous adventures, and living only by dishonourable expedients—that it was Marie-Antoinette herself, 'la louve Autrichienne,' as they styled her, who had met the grand almoner in the park of Versailles at midnight; that it was she who had heard his exculpation, and had listened to his new promises of fealty, which had been sealed by embraces and the gift of a rose; and further, that she had subsequently granted him several secret interviews at Little Trianon. On this false basis they raised their broad superstructure of defamation, and pursued the Queen with every species of malignant slander in pasquinades, epigrams, and songs, 'unfit for print or pen, the brutality of which nothing can exceed, but which, nevertheless, found believers—increased of believers, in the public exasperation—and did the Queen, say all her historians, incalculable damage,' until, finally, the hideous fabrications culminated in the epithet of *Messalina*, hurled at her by the furies of the *halles* on her way to the guillotine."

In the volume before us we have the most ample evidence not only of the entire innocence of the Queen in this scandal of the Diamond Necklace, but of the guilt of the real criminal, the Countess de la Motte. This wonderful masterpiece of feminine fascination and intrigue was the mistress of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, Bishop of Strasburg, and Grand Almoner of France. She had seen life in many forms, and had so skilfully acted her part, that she had risen from beggary to affluence, and from having been a poor helpless orphan she became one of the most influential women of her time. She was descended from Henri de Saint Remi, an illegitimate son of Henry II. of Valois, King of France, a fact in her history never absent from her own ambitious mind, and impressed incessantly by her on the minds of all whom she could influence to raise her to distinction and wealth. Pretending to her doating dupe, the Cardinal, that she possessed a private ascendancy over the mind of the Queen, she undertook to restore him to the Court favour which he had lost some years previously. By means of forged letters, purporting to come from the Queen's hand, and by actually introducing to the Cardinal an actress of easy virtue to personate her Majesty on a pretended midnight interview in the garden of the Trianon, she held the Cardinal under a spell and a delusion hard to believe, and equally hard still to understand. A little before this time, Böhmer, the Crown jeweller, unfortunately gave full credence to her rumoured influence with the Queen, and had secured by a bribe the services of De la Motte to interest herself with the Queen for the sale of the Diamond Necklace, which had been made expressly, by order of Louis XV., for the infamous Madame du Barry, and which Louis XVI. had offered to purchase for Marie-Antoinette, who, with a frugality that did her infinite credit, preferred a man-of-war to defend her husband's dominions to the empty bauble which dazzled all eyes save her own. The Countess professed to the Cardinal that the Queen wished him to purchase the Necklace for her, privately and on credit. The Cardinal receives it from the jeweller on his own guarantee, and by a contract forged in the Queen's name by De la Motte, who thus secured the possession of the long-coveted treasure. When the day of payment came round, after a little delay, the fraud was discovered, and the Cardinal and Countess, with their accomplices, are imprisoned in the Bastille. To the intense indignation of the Queen, De Rohan is acquitted on his trial by means of family influence, and De la Motte, after having been branded and severely whipped, is condemned to be imprisoned for life. She escapes after a brief confinement, and perishes miserably in England by a fall from a window in an endeavour to escape from the police who pursued her. Such is a brief outline of the chief acts in this singular drama of mystery and fraud. So great was its political significance, involving as it did the character of the Queen and the honour of the King, and dividing more distinctly than ever the members of the nobility into two great factions, those who supported the cause of the Queen and those who sought her ruin, it was not to be wondered at that in this great scandal of the Necklace "the clear vision of Goethe pre-figured the coming Revolution, and the quick-witted Talleyrand saw the overthrow of the French throne."

The ablest part of Mr. Vizetelly's performance seems to us to centre in his criticism of Louis Blanc's views, who, although he does not assert that the Queen was a party, much less the principal to the fraud, yet maintains that there are grounds for believing she was in some way (though it is not explained how) mixed up with this scandalous transaction.

The several points in the story on which M. Louis Blanc founds his arguments in favour of De la Motte are carefully sifted, and shown to be after all but a preconceived part of the very plot contrived by this arch-intriguer. Here is the demolition of the very strongest argument used in her favour by her acute advocate:—

"M. Louis Blanc dwells upon the fact of Madame de la Motte having desired the jewellers to be very cautious in their dealings with the Cardinal, but he says nothing of the excellent use she put them to in her defence, and which proves she had an ulterior object in acting as she did. In like manner she made all she could of the circumstance of her having declined a commission on the sale of the Necklace. But what did she want with a commission? She meant to have the Necklace itself. To receive a commission from the jewellers for having

cheated them out of their property was a little too much for even the Countess de la Motte."

We cordially follow our author in all these remarks, with the exception of the last. Here, for once, he seems to have lost sight of the true bearing of the case. With so many instances recorded by himself of this woman's almost supernatural powers of preconcerted contrivance, and of the fatal facility with which she was enabled to conceal her art under a preconcerted semblance of innocence, it is almost unaccountable to find Mr. Vizetelly thus duped in one respect at least by the very dupe whom otherwise he has so ably exposed. We think we can tell Mr. Vizetelly the real secret of the Countess's refusal of a commission on the sale of the Necklace, and give him a key that may open this and many other mysteries in her intricate career, which have not been fully and satisfactorily solved even by our author. The very perfection of consummate deceit was never more ably practised than by this extraordinary woman, and it is singular to observe that in every intrigue in which she was engaged she took good care, like an able general, to keep a good reserve to cover her retreat; she always so planned matters that, in case of detection or exposure, or with a view to disarm suspicion, some circumstance in the case should stand out as a material vindication. On this principle, while carrying on an intrigue with the husband of her benefactress, she actually acquainted the Marchioness with the danger to which her virtue was exposed, and thus disarmed her jealousy. On the same principle, she denied in the strongest language to the Court jewellers her intimacy with the Queen, and cautioned them against the negotiations of the Cardinal, while living on the wages of her secret sins, and entering upon a career of unprincipled ambition, she humbly declared that "religion" was her only consolation, and that religion alone kept her from wrong in the midst of her many temptations. In fine, there is scarcely a deed of importance and villany recorded of her in which she did not take the precaution to impress some semblance of innocence on the face of it. Nor was this marvellous power of deceiving with an air of innocence limited to her deeds, it was a part of the arch-hypocrite's very nature, and pervaded her language. The Abbé Gergel, who knew her well, thus describes her:—"Without possessing the full splendour of beauty, the Countess de la Motte was gifted with all the grace of youth, her countenance was intelligent and attractive, and she expressed herself with fluency; moreover, the air of truth that pervaded her recitals carried conviction along with it."

With such facts and principles of action before us, we cannot agree with our author that the Countess was actuated by the dictates of conscience in refusing the proffered commission. Has our author recorded a single conscientious act of the life of this woman, whose whole career was one of gross imposture and abandoned immorality? False to her husband, and to the Cardinal who made her his mistress, using the name of religion only to abuse it, and unbound by those obligations that restrain even the excesses of ordinary transgressors, how can a woman of such a type be said to be under the guidance of a conscience, to whose voice she seems never to have listened? In conclusion, we are bound to say that Mr. Vizetelly has by this contribution to the historical literature of France deserved well of all lovers of truth and fair play. He has nobly and acutely vindicated the character of an injured and murdered Queen, who has now slept in a dishonoured grave for nearly seventy years, and he has unmistakably fastened on the real criminal the robbery of the Diamond Necklace. It is a strange and sorrowful story, and well has he told it.

#### MADAGASCAR REVISITED.\*

WHEN Mr. Ellis formerly visited Madagascar, upon the condition of which since the death of the cruel and bloodthirsty Queen, Ranavalona, he has given us the exceedingly interesting volume before us, the small band of Christians were enduring a persecution which, spreading over a period of five-and-twenty years, only ceased with the accession to the throne of Radama, the mild and humane son of a remorseless mother. It was not at that time without peril to himself and to them that he could attempt to hold any intercourse with them, and, as he now states, he had few opportunities for observing much beyond the aspects of nature, the productions of the country, or the more common usages of the people. But in the autumn of 1861, when news arrived of the death of Ranavalona and the accession of her son, the humane disposition and liberal views of the new sovereign encouraged the London Missionary Society to renew the missionary work which had been so long interrupted, urged moreover to do so by communications from the Christians at the capital, who announced the cessation of persecution, and the perfect freedom of religious worship, as well as by a request from the young King that Mr. Ellis should proceed to Madagascar. The flattering prospect which was thus placed before the Society was not exaggerated. Mr. Ellis found on his arrival that the King merited all that had been said in favour of the enlightened policy with which he inaugurated his reign, and to which during its brief period he steadily adhered. It is, indeed, extraordinary that, brought up as he had been in all the superstitions of the country, and having in his veins the blood, and before his eyes the example, of such a mother as the late Queen, he should have grown up with any of the milk of human kindness

\* *Madagascar Revisited*. By Rev. William Ellis. With Illustrations. London: Murray.



in him. "It is not easy," writes Mr. Ellis, "to form an idea of a more terribly appalling state of society than that in which such an individual (Ranavaloa) occupied the highest position. Not only was the innocent blood of the best in the land shed to open for her the way to the throne, but all the near relations of her husband were sentenced to the most cruel deaths that could be devised, in order to secure to her its undisturbed possession. Her own brother, the sister, the mother of the first Radama, were starved to death. The brother endured sufferings which even the sentries placed to guard him could not bear to look upon. Other near relatives fell beneath the executioner's spear. The father of her unborn child, accused of treason and witchcraft, was sentenced by her to die."

The young King's youth, moreover, was passed in a moral atmosphere so bad, that Mr. Ellis says it is scarcely possible for members of a state of society like our own to form any adequate conception of it; and there can be no doubt that it was due to the excessive intemperance thus engendered that his reason at last gave way, and that he resolved upon issuing the proclamation which led to the revolution and to his death. It seemed most improbable that the Christians whom he had heard execrated from his childhood as apostates and traitors, bewitched by the sorcery of the foreigners, and enemies to all that was ancient, established, and honourable in the country, should find in him a friend and a protector. Yet, short of his becoming a Christian, he appears to have identified himself at all times with their interests, and even in the lifetime of his mother warned them of danger, interceded on their behalf with the judges, favoured their escape, concealed them in his own house, and redeemed them, when sold into slavery, with his own money. It is indeed surprising that a mind so well disposed, and which seemed capable of clearly distinguishing the immense difference between Paganism and Christianity, should have stopped at the point described to Mr. Ellis by his instructor, which left him neither Pagan, Mahomedan, Protestant, nor Catholic. There is a happy touch of humour in the device by which, while his mind seems yet to have been in some doubt as to the power of the national idols, he put to the test the boasted attributes of Ramahavaly, one of the chief idols, which the priests declared to be indestructible and irresistible. In order to satisfy his mind, he employed some men to set fire to the house in which this idol was kept, and when the flames blazed up, he stood outside his palace with the companions whom he had called together to witness this ordeal, watching to see what would come to pass. His faith in idols did not survive this crucial test of Ramahavaly's power. It was no doubt after this experiment that when a priest told him that good results would follow were he to make an offering to a certain idol, Radama replied that he would make it willingly if the idol would come and fetch it. Happily, the humanity which he introduced into the government has been continued by his Queen and successor, Rasoharina, who, on her accession, promised perfect liberty to the Christians. If this promise is kept, and if Christianity should finally spread over the island, Mr. Ellis believes that the Malagasy may survive the inroads of more civilized races. And it seems not improbable that this may be the case, for during Mr. Ellis's visit, the number of Christians in the capital and villages increased from 7,000 to 18,000, and the work of conversion is still going on. His account of what he saw during the four years of his stay in Madagascar, forms a most interesting narrative, and opens to us a state of society which, whether as regards the native Christians or the heathen, is well worthy of attention.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*On the Morality of the Old Testament.* By William Milton, M.A., Assistant-Curate of Newbury. (Rivingtons.)—Mr. Milton urges, on the part of Abraham, that as the prophet lived in a low moral atmosphere, his conduct is not to be judged as if he acted in the more serene air of later times. His remarks strike us as eminently sensible, cogent, and clear; and without pledging ourselves to going altogether with him in his theory, we can commend his little pamphlet as an educated expression of opinion, free from all bigotry or mistiness.

*The Last Essays of Elia.* By Charles Lamb. A new edition. (Bell & Daldy.)—It is gratifying to see that, for the price paid for a magazine, not a half-crown magazine, we may now purchase a volume of the delightful "Essays of Elia." A humour so quaint and so subtle as Lamb's, a spirit of fun so chastened by taste and scholarship, a sympathy so wide and yet so deep, a fancy shy almost of its own flights, should be known and spread amongst all readers, if only as correctives of the miserable gibing accepted as wit by the million.

*The Rail and the Rod; or, the Tourist Angler's Guide to Waters and Quarters thirty miles around London.* No. I. Great Eastern Railway. By Greville F. (Barnes: Horace Cox).—We wonder a work of this kind has not been produced before; but we are glad to find that the want is now to be supplied in a most sensible and interesting fashion. "The Rail and the Rod" are both in good hands; but why should "Greville F." limit his sphere of operations to thirty miles around London? A man who wants a day's fishing would not mind going an additional ten, or even twenty, miles for it. The first of the proposed series before us carries out the aim of the writer in a distinct and unaffected manner, and we trust the venture will meet with all the success it deserves.

*Hand-book to Popular English Literature.* Part I. By W. C. Hazlitt. (London: J. Russell Smith.)—As far as we can judge from the sample, Mr. Hazlitt is fitted to cope with the arduous task he has undertaken. If this hand-book is proceeded with in a conscientious manner, it will be an infinite saving of time and labour to those who are desirous of studying our literature from the fountain head. Mr.

Hazlitt, in a preface, gives a list of his predecessors in the same field, and indicates in what particulars he conceives he has improved upon them.

*The Mother's Victory and other Poems.* By George Abbott. (John F. Shaw & Co.)—It is pleasant in that mass of poems, which, because they contain cant, call themselves religious, to come across a volume not a page of which offends against sincerity. An elevated religious tone runs through most of the poems contained in this little book, whilst its literary merits are by no means inconsiderable.

We have also received *Sermons*, by W. A. Soames; *Things Rarely Met With*, by J. E. Phillips; and the March number of the *Colonial Church Chronicle* from the Messrs. Rivingtons;—*The Clergy and the Pulpit*, translated from the French of M. l'Abbé Isidore Mullois, by George Percy Badger (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—*Colenso's Shilling Arithmetic* (Longmans);—*Our Father's Business*, by Dr. Guthrie, and *How to Study the New Testament*, by Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury (second edition), from Alexander Strahan;—*Topographical Directory*, by Francis Stephens, and a *Ready Reckoner*, containing 63,000 calculations, from Routledge & Co.;—*A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution*, by the Rev. F. W. Farrar;—*On Some Defects in Public School Education* (Macmillan & Co.);—*Utopia at Home*, a romance of the fireside (Hill);—*Ritualism? or True Church Views?* by the Rev. Charles Hebert (Dalton & Lucy);—*Paris, a Handbook, or French at Sight* (Washbourne);—*Arithmetic Explained*, by Rev. W. De Lancey Lawson (Houlston & Wright); *Le Petit Tresor*, and *Murby's Excelsior Reading Book*, No. 3, both from Thomas Murby;—*The Reid Concert*, 1867; No. 1 of the *Free Church of England Magazine*, and the March number of the *Technologist* (Kent & Co.);—*Black's Guide to Paris* (A. & C. Black);—*Which will Triumph?* (Newby);—and *Diletto; or, the Exiled Prince* (Dean & Co.).

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE starting of a new morning journal is so rare an occurrence as always to attract special attention in the literary world. Daily papers being very expensive productions, requiring an elaborate machinery for their regular appearance, it is not often that any attempt is made to add to the number already existing. About four years ago, a new "daily" was set up with the revived title of the *Iron Times*, which had been famous during the railway excitement of 1845-6; but it did not last above three months. Two years ago, the *Pall Mall Gazette* attempted a morning issue, but with no success; and various rumours which we have heard from time to time of new daily papers, have all faded away into the vast limbo of abortive projects. It is really a long while since any new morning journal has been actually established. Eleven years have elapsed since the *Morning Star* issued its first number; twelve years since the *Daily Telegraph* began the world (not as a penny, but as a twopenny, paper); and twenty-one years since the *Daily News* dawned upon the public, with Messrs. Bradbury & Evans as the proprietors,—with Charles Dickens for the chief editor,—with Douglas Jerrold as assistant editor,—with Albany Fonblanque and John Forster among the leading-article-writers,—with "Father Prout" as Roman correspondent,—with Mr. George Hogarth (Mr. Dickens's father-in-law) as musical critic,—with R. H. Horne, the poet, as Irish Famine Commissioner,—with Mr. Dickens, senior, as manager,—and with the best staff of Parliamentary reporters in London. We do not often find a paper started under such splendid auspices; yet it did not succeed, and the journal very shortly fell into new hands. What fate is reserved for the *Day*—the organ of "Constitutional Liberalism"—remains to be seen. The first number appeared on Tuesday, at a penny, and we cannot say it looks at all hopeful. The Parliamentary report is that of the *Daily News*, which sells its stereotypes to any paper that likes to buy them. This, however, is no disservice to the *Day*, which thus obtains an excellent report at a comparatively small cost; but the original matter is not very striking. The leading articles are prefaced by a summary of news, after the fashion of the *Star* and *Standard*, only not so well done, and are wound up by a few "General Notes," in which a desperate attempt is made to be funny. Of the leading articles themselves, it may be said that they are fairly good, but not remarkable. The only foreign correspondence in the first number is from Paris; this occupies full two columns and a half, and is written in a terribly diffuse style, with an abundance of feminine italics and marks of quotation. The law and police intelligence is "deferred," on account of the length of the Parliamentary proceedings; and the sub-editorial portion of the paper is almost nil. It should in fairness be borne in mind, however, that the first number of a new daily paper is never very good, some time being requisite to get the staff into regular working order; and the subsequent numbers of the *Day* have been much better. In politics, the *Day* supports the Government Reform Bill; but it appears to hold aloof from the Conservatives as a party. The tone is therefore somewhat wanting in positive character. It is too Liberal for the Conservatives, and too Conservative for the Liberals.

A very interesting discovery has just been made in St. Patrick's (better known as Marsh's) Library, Dublin—a curious collection of old books, in a dusky old building which seems as if it had not been touched for generations. Certain papers have there turned up in the handwriting (at least, so it is believed) of Dean Swift. The library, which is in the cathedral close, is known to have been one of the great satirist's haunts, and the fragment which forms the most important of the papers just discovered has certainly all the character of Swift's genius and all the marks of his manner, though, considering what ingenious imitations have been made ere now, we should perhaps do well in receiving the passage with a reasonable amount of caution until we have some authoritative statement as to the genuineness of the handwriting. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Wednesday, which publishes the fragment, says:—"The relics brought to light are, it seems, for the most part mere scribbles; scrawls made as if to try a pen; words written down as though to test some question of orthography (spelling was still rather arbitrary in 1720, and Swift was somewhat



of a precisian on that head); sometimes, too, words which look like experiments in the Houyhnhnm language, put down to verify the monstrosity of their appearance before their admission into the manuscript; and here and there a stray note of a page or reference to an author. Of the very few that deserve the title of writings, the one which we are enabled to lay before our readers is in many respects the most curious and interesting. Why Swift excluded the fragment from its proper place in the fourth part of 'Gulliver' must be left to conjecture. Probably it was from the fear of giving offence to some of his oldest and dearest friends. Writing in Ireland, he was no doubt aware in a general way that a passion for racing and turf speculation then prevailed in England; that the Darley Arabian was spoken of in terms that would have seemed extravagant if applied to the founder of a dynasty, and that 'Newmarket fame and judgment at a bet' were more valued in society than a reputation for wit and wisdom. But when he made his journey to London in the spring of 1726 he found that the mania had infected his own circle of friends. Pope, indeed, busy on the 'Dunciad,' had escaped, and Arbuthnot's Scotch caution had kept him safe; but Bolingbroke, to the peril of his then newly-recovered patrimony, had taken to bookmaking with that energy which he threw into everything he attempted; and Gay, not cured of gambling by the South Sea Bubble, was investing the proceeds of 'The Captives' by backing the Duke of Queensberry's stable in the most reckless manner and at the most ruinous prices. Others there were, no doubt, in the same case, but it was enough that these two might possibly be hurt by his strictures on the turf to induce Swift to suppress them." The passage (which seems to have been intended for the fourth chapter of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms) contains a bitter satire on the rascality of betting men, jockeys, and the rest of the confraternity, and is certainly in Swift's keenest and most masterly style. It ends in the middle of a sentence, but is too long for quotation here.

An autograph letter of Franklin's was exhibited at General Sabine's recent *conversazione*. It runs thus:—"Philada., July 5, 1775.—Mr. Strahan,—You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! You and I were once Friends:—You are now my enemy, and I am yours,—B. FRANKLIN."

There are some rather contradictory statements with respect to Dr. Livingstone. The despatches of Dr. Seward, the British political resident at Zanzibar, and the more detailed letters of Dr. Kirk, communicated by Lord Stanley to Sir Roderick Murchison, are said to leave scarcely any hope that the adventurous explorer is yet alive. Drs. Seward and Kirk, however, have sailed in her Majesty's ship *Wasp* for Quilwa, to make inquiries, and to obtain any further evidence that may be forthcoming; and the former gentleman writes to Sir Roderick Murchison:—"I have personally made inquiries among the traders of Keelwa Koina, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead. The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazite-haunted district, and for aught they know to the contrary Dr. Livingstone may yet be alive. I purpose sending details by the next mail."

We learn with great regret of the premature death of Mr. Edward Stanley Poole, chief clerk of the Science and Art Department of the South Kensington Museum, and an Oriental scholar of high repute. He was the nephew of Mr. E. W. Lane (the author of "The Modern Egyptians," and the translator of "The Arabian Nights"), and of Mr. R. J. Lane, A.R.A., the engraver. During a long residence in Egypt with his mother (also an author), he became a proficient in the Arabic language, and he has written largely on the literature of the East in many of our best periodicals. In conjunction with his brother, Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, of the British Museum—also an eminent Orientalist—he wrote the article on Egypt in the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; and to Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" he contributed several papers on Arabia and cognate subjects. He died at the early age of thirty-seven.

Mr. James D. B. De Bow, editor of *De Bow's Review*, and a well-known supporter of "secession" during the days of the Confederation, died in New Jersey, on the 27th ult., after a short illness, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

The Imperial Court at Paris has just reversed a judgment of the Tribunal of Commerce with reference to the sale of Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer." Just a year ago, M. Milland, the proprietor of *Le Soleil*, made a contract with Messrs. Lacroix & Co., M. Hugo's publishers, by virtue of which he acquired the right to print the romance in question in the *feuilleton* of his journal, in consideration of certain payments.—M. Lacroix & Co. at the same time covenanting not to sell any copy of the work (until its completion in the *Soleil*) under the original price of eighteen francs. On the 25th of April, however, the *Evénement* announced that, pursuant to an arrangement with M. Hugo's publishers, they were enabled to offer the three volumes of the "Travailleurs de la Mer" as a premium to all subscribers for six months. The six months' subscription to the *Evénement* being only 22f., M. Milland contended that Messrs. Lacroix & Co. must have sold copies of the novel to that journal at a price far below what was stipulated, and that therefore the contract had not been fulfilled. The Tribunal of Commerce dismissed M. Milland's action, on the ground that the Messrs. Lacroix had nothing to do with the terms on which the *Evénement* chose to supply the work to its readers; but the Imperial Court, thinking that the facts show an indirect evasion of the terms agreed on, has reversed that decision, ordering Messrs. Lacroix to repay to M. Milland the sum of 15,000f. received, declaring the latter released from the payment of the rest of the purchase-money, and saddling the former with all the costs, both of the original hearing and the appeal.

A sister of Béranger, the poet, still lives. She is a nun in the Convent des Oiseaux, at Paris, and is a hundred and one years old, but in good health.

The preamble to the Bill concerning the grant of £16,000 sterling to M. de Lamartine commences by referring to the law of the 22nd of August, 1790, for making provision for illustrious citizens, and, after alluding to several eminent men who have been thus recompensed, proceeds:—"The Government has thought the moment has arrived to confer on M. de Lamartine a manifestation of national gratitude. It desires to intervene, during his lifetime, to give him a striking testimony for his former services, a noble and precious assistance in his present difficulties, and a guarantee for his security and tranquillity in the future. Through the vicissitudes of a long life, M. de Lamartine, poet, author, speaker, and statesman, has dignified his country. He has defended it with courage, and his services have been of those which interest society at large. The Legislative Body will not hesitate to think with the Government that it is worthy of France to honour the celebrity of M. de Lamartine by an act of high munificence." The grant is said to be very unpopular in France, M. de Lamartine's difficulties having often been relieved before, with no apparent benefit.

It is now announced that the anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund will take place on Saturday, the 29th of June, when Mr. Gladstone will occupy the chair, and a distinguished gathering of members of Parliament, of the bar, and of the literary world, will do honour to the occasion.

The *Guardian* says it is "in a position to state that the work which her Majesty has been for some time reported to be engaged in writing, is not merely in a forward state, but is actually printed, stitched, bound, and, at least a fortnight ago, was distributed among her own personal friends and those of the late Prince Consort."

A writer in *Notes and Queries* says of Thomas Southern, the dramatic author, that, having reached the age of eighty-five, "he enjoyed the longest life of all our poets." This is a strange slip. Surely the writer was forgetting the cases of Samuel Rogers and Walter Savage Landor—the former of whom lived to be ninety-two, and the latter to be eighty-nine.

A subscription has been opened for presenting a sum of money to Mr. Mark Antony Lower, the Lewes antiquarian, who for many years has contributed largely to the "Collections" of the Sussex Archaeological Society, besides writing several works on genealogy and topography.

The Master and Fellows of Jesus College, Oxford, have lent to Mr. Furnivall, for the Early English Text Society, a MS. English-Latin Grammar, of about 1500. It is unfortunately imperfect, the first five pages having been torn out. The editing has been confided to Mr. Henry B. Wheatley.

Excited by the remarks of M. Philardète Chasles, Mr. Gerald Massey has again taken up his favourite subject of the Shakespeare Sonnets, addressing a long communication on his well-known theory of their production to the *Athenæum*.

Dr. A. Fels, at a recent meeting of the German Society for Science, Literature, and Art, gave some interesting particulars of the history of the Rouman language and literature, as developed in Wallachia and Moldavia from the tenth century.

The Manchester Subscription Library, started in 1765, is about to be sold by auction. It comprises nearly 30,000 volumes.

A bust of Shakespeare has been unveiled at Nassau, in the Bahamas. The ceremony took place at a *soirée* of the Bahama Institute, and the bust is to be placed in the Public Library.

Mr. Edward Gofowski is preparing a bust of Artemus Ward, from a posthumous cast.

We find, amongst other items of American literary news, that Mr. Bayard Taylor will employ himself while abroad upon a novel depicting the life of Americans in Europe; that Miss Emma Hardinge, the "medium," is writing a "History of Spiritualism in America;" that Mr. W. J. Paulding will shortly publish a memoir of his father, Mr. James K. Paulding, who, together with Washington Irving, wrote "Salmagundi;" and that Mr. Matthew F. Whittier, the brother of J. G. Whittier, has a humorous poem in preparation.

Baron Tauchnitz is about to issue, in the style of his series of standard English works, English translations from the best German authors.

With the close of the present year expire all German copyrights whose term has been extended by special privilege. This will set free the writings of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Körner, Bürger, Jean Paul Richter, and others; and cheap reprints of many are already announced at Berlin.

A pamphlet has been published in Paris which will be interesting to Mexican bond-holders. It is entitled "Consultation pour les Porteurs d'obligations Mexicaines," by M. Marie, late Bâtonnier de l'Ordre des Avocats à Paris. It is sold at the house of M. DUPONT.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have nearly ready, "Liber Librorum, its Structure, Limitations, and Purpose, a Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Sceptic;" "Valpy's Latin Delectus," corrected and adapted to the "Public School Latin Primer," by John T. White; "England and Christendom," with a general preface on the "Tendencies of Religion in England," by Archbishop Manning; &c.

Mr. BENTLEY will publish immediately, "Atheism and the Social Danger," by the Bishop of Orleans, edited and revised, with a preface, by Archbishop Manning; "The Last Days of Louis Philippe, and the Revolution of 1848," by M. Guizot (concluding his Memoirs); "Sea-Gull (Gaviota)," from the Spanish of Caballero, by the Hon. Augusta Bethell, 2 vols.; a "Life of Edward John Eyre," late Governor of Jamaica, by Hamilton Hume, with portrait; "Miss Jane," a new novel, by the Author of "Lady Flavia," 3 vols.; &c.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce, "Ireland and her Churches," by James Godkin, 1 vol.; and "A Chip of the Old Block," by George Grettan, 2 vols.

MESSRS. BELL & DALDY will publish immediately, Dr. Dyer's "History of Pompeii," illustrated with numerous engravings and woodcuts, also a large map expressly engraved for this work; and "The Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art," delivered in Dublin, by the Archbishop of Dublin, Professor D'Arcy Thomson, C. W. Russell, D.D., W. Alexander, J. K. Ingram, and G. E. Street.



## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Army Misrule. By a Common Soldier. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Barham (T. F.), Our God the Father. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Bell (Rev. C. D.), Night Scenes of the Bible. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 Bloxham (C. L.), Chemistry, Inorganic and Organic. 8vo., 16s.  
 Bonar (Dr. H.), Hymns of Faith and Hope. 3rd series. Pocket edition. 32mo., 1s. 6d.  
 Brinton (W.), Intestinal Obstruction. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Brown (R.), Memorials of. By H. Colvin. 2nd edit. Fcap., 5s. 6d.  
 Catullus' Poems. Translated into English Verse by J. Cranston. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Carpenter (J. E.), The Entertainer's Song Book. 18mo., 1s.  
 Caballero (F.), The Sea-Gull, from the Spanish. By Hon. A. Bethell. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Collier (W. F.), Marjorie Duddingstone. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 1s.  
 Cottage Readings in Exodus. Fcap., 5s.  
 Crampton (Rev. J.), Falling Stars. Fcap., 1s.  
 Dickens (C.), American Notes. People's edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s.  
 Disraeli (J.), Parliamentary Reform: a Series of Speeches. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s.  
 Dumas (A.), Chevalier de Maison Rouge. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Ersilia; or, The Ordeal. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Essays on Reform. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Ferrybridge (Mrs. H. A.), Naples and Sicily under the Bourbons. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Gaskell (Mrs.), Right at Last; and other Tales. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Grandmamma's Nursery Stories. Cr. 4to., 1s.  
 Griffith (C.), Victory Deane. New edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Groser (W. H.), The Teacher's Model and the Model Teacher. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Joyce Dormer's Story. By Julia Goddard. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Kelly (Rev. Denis), Posthumous Sermons. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Kitto (Rev. J.), Daily Bible Illustrations. New edit. Edited by Rev. J. L. Porter. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Lamb (C.), Works. New edit. Royal 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Lamb (Charles), The Last Essays of Elia. Fcap., 1s.  
 Lectures Delivered at Exeter Hall, 1866-67. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
 Liber Librorum: its Structure, Limitations, and Purpose. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Lorne (Marquis of), A Trip to the Tropics. 8vo., 15s.  
 Loth (G. T.), Paris Exhibition, the Tourist Conversational Guide. Fcap., 1s.  
 Lytton (Lord), Devereux. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 MacGregor (C.), Somerford Priory. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Malau (Rev. S. C.), Companion for Lent. 64mo., 1s. 3d.  
 ———, On Ritualism. Cr. 8vo., 4s.  
 Massary (Isabel), Our Cousins in Australia. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Neale (Rev. J. M.), Essays on Liturgiology. 2nd edit. 8vo., 18s.  
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 Sewell (Elizabeth M.), Journal of a Home Life. Cr. 8vo., 9s. 6d.  
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 Smyth (C. P.), Life and Work at the Great Pyramid. 3 vols. 8vo., £2. 16s.  
 Stallard (J. H.), London Pauperism amongst Jews and Christians. 8vo., 12s.  
 Stone (S.), Justice's Manual. 12th edit. 12mo., 18s. 6d.  
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